

A.5.



William Horatio Crawford.
LAKELANDS.
CORK.

THE Eglogues of the Poet *B. Mantuanus Carmelitanus.*

Turned into Engliſh Verſe, *and ſet forth with the Argument to euery Eglogue:*

By George Turberuile *Gentleman.*

Printed at London by *Iohn Danter*, 1594.

To the right worſhipfull and his good Vncle, *Hugh Bamfield* Eſquire, *George Turberuile wiſheth* Neſtors *yeares, with all good fortune.*

WOrſhipfull, as deſire not altogether to be idle and waſt the Golden time (the rareſt of all iewels) procurde mee to vndertake the tranſlation of this Poet: ſo Nature with your ſundry curteſies beſtowed on mee without hope of recompence at any time, enforced me (for want of better way to ſhew my good meaning) to dedicate to you this rude and ſlender Booke, tranſlated into our mother tongue. Hoping that as I haue not wronged the Poet in any point in my tranſlation, or impaired his credit with the Latins, in forcing him to ſpeake with

an English mouth contrary to his nature and kinde: so neither that I haue ministred you occasion to mislike with me for dedication of the same to you: a man whose benefites I may and will endeuour to requite, but shall neuer bee able to rid my score of his good turnes, or cancell the obligation of his many and infinite curtesies. If a man bee bound by all meanes that he may, to gratifie his well deseruing friends: then may not I quiet my selfe and bee at silence till I haue deuised the requitall of some part of your friendships, by some slender gift, such as my fortune and present chaunce wil permit me to exhibite vnto you. And none can I finde, either more agreeing vnto my state, or fitter for your worship than this newe translated Poet. Whose title though at the first perhaps shall seeme ouer rude, and barbarous (*Eglogues* are altogether of the Country affaires) yet doubt I not but that both the matter shall be found pleasant, and the stile agreeable to the Latin phrase. I doo not mistrust but *Mantuans* shepheards will vse the matter with such discretion, and so set their rustike Pipes in tune, as you will rather commende their melodie,

melodie, than miſlike their audacitie: that being countrimen, dare vndertake to tell their tales before you, and reaſon of ſo manie and ſeueral matters as in theſe Eglogues they doo. They were not in that age ſuch ſily ſots as our ſhepherds are now a daies, only hauing reaſon by experience to prate of their paſtures, and fold & vnfold their flockes: but theſe fellowes that the Poet and I haue here brought in, were well able both to mooue the doubtfull cauſe, and (if need were) to decide the proponed caſe: they not only knew the calfe from the lamb, the wolfe from the maſtife, but had reaſon to know the difference betwixt towne & countrey, the ods betwixt vice and vertue, and other things needfull & appertaining to the life of man. Wherfore (Vnckle) as I ſhall craue you to accept this my ſlender gift, vndertaking the patronage & defence of the ſame: ſo ſhall I wiſh you Neſtors yeres, with no miſaduenture in all your life.

Your nephew and daily Orator,
George Turberuile.

HAuing translated this Poet (gentle Reader) albeit basely & with barren pen, I thought it not good nor friendly to with-holde it from thée: knowing of old thy wonted curtesie in peruſing Bookes, and diſcretion in iudging them without affection. I ſhall thinke my paines paſſing well imployed, if thou ſhewe thy accuſtomed fauour to this Booke, which I haue now forced to a new and forrein language from that it was.

Though I haue altred the tung, I truſt I haue not changed the Authors meaning or ſenſe in anie thing: but played the part of a true interpreter, obſeruing that which we tearme Decorum in each reſpect, as far as the Poet and our mother toung would giue me leaue. For as the conference betwéene Shepheards is familiar ſtuffe and homely: ſo I haue ſhapd my ſtile, and tempred it with ſuch common and ordinarye phraſe of ſpeach, as Countrimen dw vſe in their affaires, alway minding the ſaying of Horace, whoſe ſentence I haue thus Engliſhed:

To ſet a manly head vpon a horſes necke,
And all the limbs with ſundrie plumes of diuers hue to decke:
Or paint a womans face aloft to open ſhow,
And make the picture ende in fiſh, with ſcaly skin below:
I thinke (my friendes) would cauſe you laugh and ſmile to ſee
How ill theſe thus compacted things and members doo agree.

For indéed hee that ſhall tranſlate a Shepheards tale, and vſe the talks and ſtile of an Heroicall perſonage, expreſſing the ſillye mans meaning with loftye thunderyng words: in my ſimple iudgement ioines (as Horace ſaith) a horſes necke and a mans head together: for as the one were monſtrous to ſée, ſo were the other to fond and fooliſh to read. Wherefore I haue (I ſaye) vſed the common countrey phraſe, according to the perſon of the ſpeakers in euerie Eglogue, as though indéed the man hymſelfe ſhould tell his tale. And the ſoner to let thée vnderſtand the matter conteined in euery treatiſe, I haue (I hope to thy good liking) foreſet the Argument. If there be anything herein thou ſhalt happen to miſlike,

neither blame the learned Poet, nor controll the clownish Shepheard (good Reader) but me that presumed rashly to offer so vnworthie a matter to thy suruay. But if thou fansie or like well with aught contained herein, commend Mantuan, extoll the Shepheard; sufficeth me to auoid scot-free from slanderous snare. If I gaine thy good will, I haue the guerdon of my trauell. Thus presuming vpon thy patience in perusing this Booke, and thy vncorrupt iudgment in condemning & allowing the same, I end my Preface, crauing thee to lend quiet eare to Fortunatus and the rest of hys companions.

George Turberuile.

The first Eglogue of Mantuan, entituled FAVSTVS.

The Argument.

AS Shepheards cuſtome is
when they doo meete yfeare,
To talke of this and that,
and tell the newes they heare:
So *Fortunatus* craues
of *Fauſtus* to begin
Of ancient loues to treat,
whilſt flocke s a feeding bin.
When frendly *Fauſtus* ſaw
his earneſt frends requeſt,
To tale of honeſt loue
the Shepheard him addreſt.

The Speakers names.

Fortunatus. *Fauſtus.*

Fo. FRend Fauſtus, pre thee ſince our flock
in ſhade and pleaſant vale
Doth chew the cud, of ancient loue
let vs begin to tale:
Leaſt if by hap vnhappie ſleepe
our ſenſes ſhould begvile.

Some

Some sauage beast in sprouted corne
our cattell catch the while:
For manie such about the fields
do lurking lye in wait,
Wherefore to watch is better far
than sleepe in my conceit.
Fau. This place, this selfe same shady bush
that shrowds vs from the heate,
Knowes how I haue béen cloid with cares
and Cupids coales yfreat
For foure yeres space, or two at least,
if I remember well.
But since we are at leasure both,
and pleasant tis to tell:
I will begin the whole discourse,
and shew thée how it fell.
Here I, whilst in my tender youth
of cattle should haue care,
Would spread my garment on the soyle,
and bolt vpright would stare
Into the open skies aloft,
with dolefull drops of brine,
And heauie plaint, recounting of
this cursed fate of mine.
No pleasure I in quiet toke,
no labor did delight
My pensiue brest, my sense was dull,
quite buried was my Spirite:

As

As is the stomacke of the sicke
whom no good taste allures
Of toothsome meate, nor patients minde
to appetite procures.
Delight of Musicke was bereft,
for pipe I did not passe
Compacted of vnegall quills,
my bowe but loathsome was.
The sling and hound were hatefull both,
no pleasure I did put
In fouling then, twas yrksome eke
with knife to cracke the Nut.
To make the bulrush basket, or
beguile the fish with gyn,
Or search the brakes for breeding birds
I forced not a pin.
Palester playes, and casting lots
with finger I ne waid:
Nor former games that pleasant were
ere I this griefe assaid.
Wilde grapes to gather was a gall,
and strawberies to pull:
I mournd as *Tereus* wife is wont,
that hauing beake as full
Of food as it can hold, when she
returnes from her repast,
And sées her yonglings borne away,
she wereth all agast:

And from the bill downe falls the bait,
her heart begins to quaile,
And to the neighbor bush she flies
her cruell haps to waile
For brood so lately borne away.
Or as the gallant Cow
That hauing lost her louing calfe
in field begins to low,
And hauing fild the place with noise
and crying out a good:
Repaires to shade, and eates no grasse,
nor dips her flaps in floud.
But why do I with long discourse
thy listning eares offend:
This processe makes me both my time
and words in waste to spend.
This is the summe of all my tale,
it greeude my wearie spite,
That miser I with these mine eyes
do see the loathsome light.
And if thou longing for to learne
the whole effect, shouldst say,
Who (Faustus) to these dreadfull rockes
did thee compell I pray:
Friend (Fortunatus) I will shew
the verie troth to thee.
My little girle that Galla hight
had so intrapped mee

With feature of her friendly face,
and looks of loving eye,
As in her crafty copweb doth
Arachne catch the flye.
For why her ruddy cheekes did strive
with Coral for their hue.
A pretty round and fully face,
A seemely sight to view.
And of her eyes though one there were,
that stood in little steede,
Yet when I did recount her yeares
and passing shape indeede:
I did mislike Dianas face,
I said her feature was
Not worth a rush, my Galla did
her blasing beauty passe.
For. Loue (Faustus) blinds the sences sore,
it guiles the gazing eyes:
It reaues the freedome from the minde
of man in monstrous wise.
It doth bewitch our weakened spirites,
I verily suppose
Some hellish impe doth force this fire
and fowly ouerthrowes
And out of booke doth heaue our harts:
Loue is not as they say
A heauenly God, but bitter gall,
and errour from the way.

Fau.

Besides I had no hope at all
my wished good to gaine:
Though (good hart) she did rue my case,
and pitied Faustus paine.
And by her becks, and wonted winkes
her flame appeared plaine.
For whatsoeuer way she went
(a cruell cankred mate)
Her married sister her ensude,
and followed Gallas gate.
The hard and churlish mother eke,
vpon the wench did watch:
Each thing did hinder mine intent.
Euen as the Cat to catch
The prettie, peart, and prick-eard Mouse,
obserues with earnest eye
The clouen cranie, and the beast
on bacon flitch doth prie.
For. The porred panch and stuffed maw
commendeth fasting much:
And they that are not drie, at those
that long for licour gruch.
Fa. Twas time with crooked sythe to shear
the corne that grew in field,
The Barley all about the lands,
a golden gleame did yeeld.
The mother (as the custome is)
came with her daughters both

To gather vp the scattred sheaues
which Reaper ouer-goth.
For she wist nothing of our loue,
or made as though she had
Not knowen a whit thereof: I thinke
she was not halfe so mad,
But that she found it well inough,
and did dissemble sore:
For she indéed (I stand assurd)
had vnderstood before
Her daughter had a Leueret tane
in pawne of my good will:
A paire of stock-doues eke she had
to kéepe or else to kill.
For. The want of welth good nature mars
the poore is prone to fall:
Ye slides into the snare of sinne
and is to vices thrall.
Fa. The virgin gathering vp her gripes,
came after me apace,
With open breast and naked foote,
and sléeueless armes, in case
As fittest was for scorching heate,
and Summers scalding blaze,
With wreathed bough about her front,
to kéepe her beautie bright:
For cause the heate will hurt the hue,
and make it swarth to sight,

In sort that Louers neuer will
conceiue thereof delight.
And euer as shée did approch,
my shatred sheake I shooke:
And as from out my fist it fell,
that vp my Minion tooke.
For women neither can conceale
their griefes and wasting gléede,
Nor conquer cares, ne yet defer
the same till time of néede:
Such lightning raines in them by kinde,
as out it shall with spéede.
For. Who so in loue is light God wotte,
not woman kinde alone,
But very they that déemed are
to sit in Pallas throne,
And wisedomes gaudy garland weare
about their tryed head:
Yea those of powdred purple that
and Senate roabes are spread
Whom I in stately sort haue séene
like Royall Kings to walke,
And earst in prowde presumptuous sort
about the stréets to stalke.
And thou perhaps affectiond so
wert madder of the twaine,
And lighter eke: that shattredst corne,
and tooke it vp again.

Thou

Thou gauſt the graine that thée receiud,
I pray thée tell me now,
Which was the wiſeſt of the twaine,
the little trull or thou?
Speake on, for talke it is that muſt,
driue ſléepe from heauy brow.
Fau. The angry Beldam loking backe,
with shriueled vilage, prates,
And cride, why (Galla) whither goeſt?
why doſt thou leaue thy mates?
Come hither (Galla) here among
the Alder boughes, I haue
Found out a pleaſant ſhady plotts
from Phœbus flames to ſaue
Our ouer-chafed limbs with heate,
the whiſtling ayre doth cauſe
The trembling leaues to make a noyſe,
tis beſt here right to pauſe.
O hatefull wordes to Fauſtus eares:
goe gentle windes I pray,
And beare (quod I) with nimble gale
this curſed ſound away.
If any Shepheard bring his flocke
into a fertile vaine,
And will not let them féede their fill
but driue them backe againe,
Or hauing fed, will ſtay the ſtreams
and neuer let them drinke,

But force them to forgoe the floude:
wouldst thou not surely thinke
That man to be a monster fell
and natuers cruell foe,
And stony harted, that could vse
his silly cattell so?
The voice to mée more grieuefull was
than Iunos husbands threats,
When down he flings his flashing flakes
and earth with Imber beats.
I would not, but I could not chose
but backewarde cast mine eye:
And Galla loking vnder browe,
gan out of hand reply.
Shée bent hir friendly blinks as fast,
and rold her eyes aside:
Which by-and-by the chiding Dame
by spitefull fortune spide,
And callde vpon the wanton Wench:
but Galla bent the more
To worke, refusde to lend an eare
to her that chid so sore.
As shée with foote pursude my pace,
so did shée eke in hart:
Then I full like a craftie childe,
(for Loue ministers art
And doth instruct his thrals with dole)
would often sing a song,

And often on the reapers crie,
and harueſt folke among.
A craftie cloake to make the Dame
and wæded Siſter læue,
That Galla to her cleping cries
no eare at all did giue.
With ſyth I ſhore adowne the briers,
for that I would bee ſure
The pricks to Gallas tender fæte
no damage ſhould procure.
FOR. Who ſo doth loue (no doubt) is ſlaue
and followes (like a thrall
Inchaynde) his choſen Miſtris foote,
till yoke his necke do gall.
Swæte blowes to beare he is compeld
vpon his beaſtly corſe,
He bides the goade, and like an Oxe
doth draw the plough perforce.
Fau. And thou as farre as I can learne,
haſt felt Cupidos darte.
For. Tuſh tis a common euill, who hath
not played ſome frantike parte?
Fau. This painefull pleaſure of the mind,
this ſugred venom, grew
From day to day to more and more,
more cruell twas to vewe.
Euen as the heate of Phœbus flames
augment their ſcorching blaſt,

And partching powre from lesse to more,
till nine of clocke be past.
I wore a gast like one that was
of late bereft his wits,
Besides my selfe (no doubt) I was,
and rackt with furious fits.
Unmindfull beast I was become,
I toke no nightly rest:
Twas easie eke to know my grieke,
The browe bewraies the breast.
Which thing as sone's my father spide,
more gentle he became
Than earst, for that himselfe had felt
the force of Cupids flame,
And knew thereof the burden well,
how heauy twas to beare:
Wherefore in curteous sort hée said:
Sonne Faustus banish feare,
And tell thy father what thou aylst,
and hidden hast in hart:
(Unhappy boy) thy face declares
that thou hast felt the dart
Of Loue: come off, and take no shame
but tell mée how thou fare:
Bewray to mée thy pensiue thought
that brées this cutting care.
For. Yea though the father check his child,
and vse a bended browe,

His minde is friendlier than his face,
he lones him well ynow.
Fau. I séeing that my Sire became
so curteous, out of hand
Confest the matter, and declarde
how tho the case did stand.
I craude his helpe, he straight behight
that he would do his best:
And so, or ere the winter frost
with glare the ground oppresst,
The kinsfolke and the father had
betrothde the Maid to mee.
But she and I could neuer deale
alone, but some would sée,
And warely watch what coyle wee kept:
I was a Tantal right,
I stood amid the water, but
I could not drinke a whit.
O Lord how often leauing plough
and Oxen all alone,
When she was sole at home, haue I
vnto her mothers gone?
I could deuise excuses store,
the plough taile, or the yoake,
The share, the chaines, the spit-staffe eke,
my subtill craft to cloake.
And all at Mother lawes I set,
I could not want a iot,

But yet (good Wench) hir companie
I could not haue God wotte.
I was not slacke to doe my due,
to fish, to foule, to hunt:
I tho began and practise feates
that I of yore was wont.
What soeuer was my lucke to catch,
what game so ere I kilde,
To mother lawes I bore, and was
surmisoe a curteous childe.
At midnight once, as promise was
betwixt the Wench and mée,
I came vnto her Mothers house,
in hope to had some glée:
The Dogs (not slépie then) at dore
some théefe surmisde to bée,
With open iawes on me they ranne,
I leapt a hedge in hast,
And so with much a do escapt
The cursed Curres at last:
With such deuises all the cold
and Winter time we past.
The spring was come the groues grewe (greene,
the vine began to spread:
The ploughman Barley gan to sowe,
for wheat had taken head,
Lamperides those glistring fowles
with glowing wings did flie,

Which did declare to husband men
that harueſt time was nie.
Behold the marriage day was come,
a wedded wight I was:
What néede so many words? at night
to bed in poſt wée paſſe.
A wiſhed time to both (God wot,)
my Barke with bleſſed blaſt
A merry gale of winde, vnto
the hauen came at laſt.
Then with a ſlaughtred Ore two dayes
wée kept a ſolemne feaſt,
And vnderneath a ſpreading trée
the tables were addreſt.
Onophilus was there, on whome
full fraught with Bacchus wares,
And making ſport, with willing eyes
the whole aſſembly ſtares.
With pipe was Tonius eke at hand,
who after meate to ſhow
His ſkill, the painted bagpipe raught,
and gan thereon to blow:
His alie cheekes with blaſting breath
full wide hée made to ſtrout,
When hée began to puffe the pipe,
he ſtared all about,
And lifted vp his little browes,
and from his lungs full oft,

Spagnuoli, B.

He drew his winde to fill the bag,
that being stuffed toft,
And drooſed with his elbow downe,
did yeeld his ſound aloft.
With finger friſking here and there,
as he was piping ay,
He cald the youth from table, and
inuited them to play,
And hop about the open ſtrætes,
and dance away the day.
There are ſince that thrée winters paſt,
fourth ſummer comes in place:
I ſée if any good day be,
it flies away apace.
Theres nothing pleaſant in this world,
but paſſeth by in haſt.
But hatefull haps and vileſt things,
we ſée doo longeſt laſt.
For, O Fauſt, doſt ſée? to yonder vine,
the flocke doth goe with ſpæd?
Wherefore leaſt we be tared ſore,
tis time to trudge indéed.

The ende of the firſt
Eglogue.

The 2. Eglogue, entituled

FORTVNATVS.

The Argument.

THe prankes that *Padus* plaid
in breaking downe his bounds,
And how he had diſmaid
men, paſture, ſheep, and grounds.
His *Fauſtus* tale to quite,
here *Fortunatus* gan:
And after to recite
the fond effects of man.
Of mad *Amyntas* loue
and paſſing rage to tell,
For other mens behoue,
this zelous ſhepheard fell.

The Speakers names.

Fauſtus. *Fortunatus.*

Fa. HOw hap my frend, you come ſo late
a weeke is paſt and gon:
What bred thy ſtay? annoyes thy ſheepe
the ſoyle they feed vpon?
For. O Fauſtus, Pade the floud that fleets
and runs alongſt our grounds,

Was

Was woxen egall with the bankes:
it had so past his bounds,
That wée not foxcing on our flocks,
fox pxiuate pxofits sake
And common saftie, were constraínde
both day and night to make
A bay to beate the waters backe,
and cause them to recoyle,
Fox feare lest Padus would haue dxownd
and ouerflowne our soyle.
Fau. Yea Padus sundxy times when hée
doth swell aboue his bankes,
As Tityrus can witnes well
playes many spitefull pxankes.
For. Euen as thou sayst, perhaps hée doth
when out of meane and time
Hée boyles by foxce of summer blase,
and boue the banke doth clime.
But now the yeare requiers the same,
fox from the frosty hilles
The Winter snow descendeth downe:
the Mount with water filles
The slacked flouds, and doth discharge
himselfe: the floud as fast
Conuayes his burden, and the waues
to gultching seaes doth cast.
They play the part that men are wont:
fox when the beaute packe,

Doth

Doth pinch our limmes, wee caſt it on
our néedie neighbours backe.
For. But now the Chanell hath reuokte
his ſpouting ſpring againe.
Fau. O Fortunatus (wonder tis
and monſtrous thing to ſaine)
Though Padus doe decreaſe, our lake
with greater ſourge doth ſwell:
The Cittie ſwimmes aloſte the ſtreame,
a ſtrangie tale to tell.
The vaults and cellers ditches are,
in whirries men reſort
Vnto the barrels: drawers haue
a ioyly glée and ſport,
To goe by water with their Jacks
and ketch the wine away
By bottels full, that earſt full drie
in ſecret cellar lay.
On Townish men (though happy they
appeare to open ſight,)
Yet many times vnhappie haps,
and cruell chances light.
For. From euery pleaſure doth ariſe
diſpleaſure in the end:
And aye from euery bleſſed hap
doth balefull lucke depend.
Fau. Thus much of Padus hath bin tolde,
now lets recite our loue:

Since

Since frendly Venus thereunto
in each respect doth moue.
The weather is full warme we see,
the soyle is greene to view:
The soules about the field do sing,
now euerie thing doth mew,
And shifts his rustie winter roabe.
For, Thou hast in Shepherds verse
Declarde thy loue, but I will gin
anothers to rehearse,
(A shepherd whom thou knowst full well)
to make it plaine in sight,
What force there rests in Venus flame,
and shew her stately might.
Amyntas poore (God wot) and borne
vnder vnluckie signe:
Sir calues of egall age possest,
and had as many kine.
Whom as he draue to pasture, with
a bull (that father was
To all the hierd) it was his chance
by Coytus to passe:
A place where Myncius with his cleare
and siluer channell flowes,
And swiftly all the grassie soyle
and medowes ouer goes.
A Castle new with battled walls
there faceth on the floud,

High

High raiſed vp, that Coyte hight,
and on the mariſh ſtood.
Here reſting him by riuers ſide
where grew a goodly vine,
That with his bowes did ſhade the banks
and waters paſſing fine,
He ſtaide to catch the gliding Fiſh
with bayted hooke and line.
It was harueſt time, the ſcorching beames
of ſcalding Phœbus rayes,
Had ſingde the ſoyle, the Nightingale
had laid aſide her layes.
The ground was withered in ſuch wiſe
as neither flocke could fæde
Thereon by day, nor dewe was left
for Graſhoppers at nëede
By night to moyſt their cryking chaps.
Here whilſt hée ſpent the tide
About the Riuer, and this fond
and vaine deuiſe applide,
The Bull firſt vexed with the Waſps,
and next with curres, they ſay,
And laſt by filching Souldiers meane
was quite conuaid away,
Not to be found in field. Which when
the Boy had vnderſtood,
Hée gat him to a mountaine by
and cryed out a good.

For

For Bull vnhaply lost of late,
and all the country sought
With grædie gazing eye, But when
he saw it booted nought,
And that his paine could not preuaile,
his bended bow hée toke,
And painted quiuer full of shaftes,
and for his beast gan loke (path
Through woods where was no haunted
through euerie flocke and fold,
Through pastures eke to sée where hée
his Bullocke might behold.
About *Benacus* bankes hée went,
and Mounts with Oliue trée
Beset, and places where both Figge
and Vine was græne to sée.
At length a haughty hill hée hent,
where did a Chappell stand
Of Sulphur, and from thence hée cast
his eyes about the land,
And ouerviewd *Benacus* bounds,
and all the country round,
To sée where in that coast there were
his Bullocke to bée found.
It was Saint Peters day by course
and custome of the yeare,
The youth of euerie village by,
at after noone was there:

And

And vnderneath a græniſh Elme
that ſhadowed all the ſoyle,
At ſound of pleaſant countrey pipe
they dauncde, and kept a coyle.
Fau. The country clouns cannot be tam'd
by any kinde of arte,
Vnquiet they delight in ſweat:
when Prieſt hath done his part,
And morning praiers ended are,
the Holy day (when all
Should ceaſe from toyle) impatient they
of reſt and hunger, fall
To filling of their grædie mawes
and toſſing of the cup:
And hie to daunce, as ſoone as min-
ſtrill gins to pipe it vp:
They treade it trickſie vnder trée,
one ſkips as hee were mad,
An other iumps as t'were an Ore
vnto the Aulter lad:
The ſacred ſoyle (that ſinne it were
to turne with toyling ſhare,
And cut with crooked culter) they
cannot endure to ſpare:
But friſke thereon like frantike fooles,
vnwieldy wights (God wot)
With leaden legs and heauie hæles
about the Churchyard trot,

And all the day do cry and laugh
and lay their lips to pot.
For. Thou dolt why doſt thou chat of this
thy ſelfe a ruſtike borne,
The manners of the country clownes,
and ruſtike rout doſt ſcorne.
Thou doſt thy ſelfe condemne withall,
thou art thy proper foe,
Fau. Tuſh of Amyntas let vs chat,
let all theſe matters goe:
I ſpake it but in ſport (my friend)
I truſt you take it ſo.
For. He ſtaid, and leaning gainſt his ſtaffe
imade of Acer tree,
Did ſtint from trauaile, till the heate
might ſomewhat ſwaged bee,
O moſt vnhappy haples youth,
in ſhade a greater flaſh
Will ſeaze thy corps: ſhut vp thine eyes
leſt whilſt Diana waſh
Her louely limbs in ſiluer ſtreams
thou naked her eſpie,
Or lend a liſtning eare vnto
the Syrens when they crie,
Thy lucke with Narciſſe heauy lot,
may well compared bee:
For whilſt in Well he thought to ſlake
his thirſt, the more was hee

(Vnlucky.

(Vnluckie lad) with nought attachd:
so whilst thou dost deuise
This outward heate to flie, an in-
ward flame doth thee surprise.
How much had better been (I pray)
and happier farre for thee,
(Vnlesse the fatall Gods would had
thy destnie so to bee)
To thy remainder flocke in field
to haue returned backe,
And kept thy Kye, and let alone
the Bull that was ylacke:
And taken in good part the losse
of that one beast alone,
Than thus, in seeking nought to finde,
thy selfe to haue fogone.
Fau. Oh frend, who is not wise become,
when things are at the worst?
Tis nought to giue aduise in fine,
that should been had at first.
The counsell that comes after all
things are dispatcht at last,
Is like a shower of raine that falls
when sowing time is past.
For. Amongst the rest of all the rout
a passing proper Lasse,
A white haird trull of twentie yeres
or nere about there was,

In stature passing all the rest,
a gallant girle for hiew:
To be comparde with townish Nymphs,
so faire she was to view.
Her forhead cloath with gold was purld
a little here and there:
With copper claspe about her necke:
a kerchiefe did she weare,
That reached to her breast and paps:
the wench about her waist,
A gallant gaudie riband had
that girt her bodie fast.
In peticote of countrey stuffe
Mockado-like she goes:
T'was pleited braue, the length was such
it hung nigh to her toes.
As soone as her the youth had spide,
he perisht by and by:
By sight he sucked in the flame,
and meane of wanton eye:
He swallowd vp the blinding fire,
and in his belly plast
The coales that neither waues could (quench
nor rainie imber wast:
No not inchantments, witches words,
it clong so close and fast.
Forgetfull he of former flocke,
and damage done with waues,

Was

Was all inraged with this flaſh,
at night he nought but raues.
The ſeaſon that for quiet ſléepe
by nature pointed was,
In bitter plaints and cruell cries,
this burning Boy did paſſe.
I ſundrie times for pities ſake
his growing flame to ſtay,
And ſtop the franticke furie, would
to him full often ſay:
O lamentable lad, what God
hath forſt thée thus to fare?
But ſure it was no worke of Gods
that bred this bitter care.
Nay rather t'was that cruelſt impe,
and ſpitefullſt fiend of hell,
Of thoſe with Lucifer that from
the ſkies to dungeon fell,
That 9. daies ſpace were tumbling down:
I pray thée make me ſhow,
And call to minde where euer yet
thou anie man didſt know
By foliſh loue aduanſt to wealth,
or anie office borne:
Or raiſde by meanes thereof his houſe,
or ſtuft his barnes with corne?
Didſt euer any know that hath
thereby enlargde his bounds:

Increaſt his flocke, or for his hierd
ygotten frutefull grounds?
Among ſo manie countries tell
me, if thou heardſt of one,
At anie time through all the earth,
I thinke was neuer none.
There are that to their bloudie words
our crushed bodies beare,
And butcher-like (with greedie teeth)
our rented corpſes teare.
There are, I ſay, whom ſpitefull fiends
vnto ſuch practiſe driue:
Yet is there no ſuch kinde of men
ſo cruell here aliue:
No countrie is ſo barbarous,
is none ſo ſauage ſect,
As doth not hate the Womans loue,
and fancies fond reiect.
Thence braules are bred, thence chydings come,
thence broiling war & ſtrife
Yea often eke with ſhedding blood
the cruell loſſe of life.
By meanes thereof are Cities ſackt,
and bulwarkes beat to ground.
Moreouer lawes and ſacred bookes
in yron chaines ybound,
Forbid and giue vs charge to flee
in anie caſe this loue:

With

With words expresse Cupid they
and all his toyes disproue.
Amyntas had no sooner heard
the name of Lawes rehearst,
But answerd (for in Citie he
a Boy was fostred earst)
Thou goest about farre to surmount
by giuing this aduise
The Catoes both, and to be thought
both circumspect and wise.
This error and this madnes beares
each where a cruell sway:
Man flattreth with himselfe, and would
be counted craftie ay,
A creature able to foresee:
yet manie a snare and gin,
And ditch that he himselfe hath delvde
the Mizer falleth in.
He first was free, but to his necke
himselfe did frame the yoke:
In seruile chaine himselfe he bound,
and bands of freedome broke.
So weightie are those lawes (my selfe
haue seene the Bookes ere this)
As neither predecessors, nor
our selues can keepe ywis:
Nor after-commers shall obserue
the meaning of the same.

Behold the foolish wit of man,
that thinkes such feat to frame,
As to the heauens to aspire:
and hopes at length to get
Among the glistering starres aloft
a stately roome and seat.
Perhaps when life is lost, he shall
into a Foule conuart:
And then his feathred soule with wings
to welkin shall depart.
And then (quod I) what braule is this,
since God did so deuise
The lawes: twere fowle offence for man
his statutes to despise.
Fau. Thes are debates of great affaires
and weightie things indeed.
Fo. Wotst thou what kind of man I was?
though ragged be my weed,
And I a rusticke now to see:
then both in force and minde,
And lookes, I was a roysting lad.
Thou shouldst not lightly finde
A shepheard to be matcht with me.
Fau. And yet if bolt vpright
Thou stalke with countnance cast aloft,
thou wilt appeare in sight,
A second Marius to bee:
let Barbar shaue thy face

With razer, and in countnance thou
wilt match with Carbos grace.
For. Amyntas would like answere make,
when I his follie blamde.
But to proceed. When God had man
in perfect figure framde,
He did repine thereat, and thought
the pleasures he allowd,
Surpassing were: and did restraine
our lust with law, and bowde
Our rebell mindes with new decrées:
as horse-men vse to tye
Their iades with brakes about the iawes,
for feare they goe awrie.
Herein loue makes me shew my minde,
and fancie frely tell:
Who so debarres his wife to goe
in common, doth not well,
But enuious may accounted be,
But yet his spitefull hate
The cloake of honest custome doth
in some respect abate.
For whilest each man vnto himselfe
(not forcing common good)
Reserud his priuate ioyes, and to
his marriage bargaine stood.
A common custome is encroacht,
that Honestie is bight.

God faith to make such pœnish lawes,
twas mad and folish spight.
A hatefull thing is Loue (God wot)
and pleasure spitefull eke.
Then I no longer daring to
the youth athwart to speake,
Shook off the raging wanton Boy
that sæmd bereft of sense:
And on my former voyage I
eftsoone departed thence.
Fau. Seest how this vile affection lord
our inward eyes of minde
Shuts vp in such despiteous sort,
and makes vs men so blinde,
As headlong we to errors runne,
and to deceitfull snare.
Till time we be in wilfull trap,
and nipt with cutting care.
Fo. Oh, dost thou see, (frend Faustus) how
the pitchie cloudes vpon
Mount Baldus to a cluster goe,
and ioyne themselues in one?
It hailes, for feare our cattell be
dispersed, lets be gone.

The end of the second
Eglogue.

The 3. Eglogue, entituled

FAVSTVS.

The Argument.

THe Tyl-mans wearie toyle
and troublous life he ſplayes:
And laſt *Amyntas* cruell foyle
by frantick loue bewrayes.

The Speakers names.

Fauſtus. Fortunatus.

Fau. THe haile (my frend) from Baldus
that yeſterday did fall (mount
(We thanke the Gods, that ſaue our corn)
annoyd vs naught at all.
But Harculus reported hath
and bruted here a fame,
That in the coaſt was much adoo
from whence he lately came.
Verona fields were peſtred ſore,
the cattle with the fold:
The ſheep-cotes and the barnes, the haile
(as he halfe weeping told)
Hath ouerwhelmd and laid on ground,
and in ſuch ſort defacde:

As

As all good hope that husbands had
is quite bereft and past.
For Cattle is the onely wealth
that Countrimen inioy,
And Pasture ground, that subiect is
to this and like annoy.
The Citizens haue heaped hoords,
and coffers full of pence:
That safely vnder locke do lurke
and need no other fence.
No haile can hurt, no force of frost
their coffred coyne can marre,
No crushing yce nor stormie cloudes
that in the welkin warre.
I wote not who doth rule the windes,
and beares the swinging sway
Among the fell tempestuous skies,
I wote not what to say.
I know not, no nor though I did,
that knowledge would suffise:
I dare to speake. But what? Shall I
for such an enterprise
We here alive tormented thus?
If Gods (as men report)
The Skies do gouerne from aboue,
and rule in such a sort:
I thinke they force not of the paines
and troublous toyles of man.

Sée how with daily sweat of brow
we get as wel's we can
A slender liuing (God he knowes):
behold what cruell paines
The silly Shepheard for his flocke,
his babes, and spouse sustaines.
With too much heate in summer cloyd,
in winter nipt with colde:
The rainie daies vpon the ground
we slæpe in shæpcotes olde.
And either thousands mischiefes of
the soyle our cattell spill,
Or Coath, and daily vile disease
and thousand dangers kill.
The filching théfe doth watch the fold,
the wolfe doth lye in waite:
The souldier eke that farre excells
the wolfe for such deceit.
Yea though with daily trade and toyle
our hands well hardned be,
And full of knobbie hills our fists,
though visage swart to sée,
Though staring be the beard to view,
and shriueled eke the skin:
One showre of haile with sodaine whisske,
makes all not worth a pin.
And this by Gods themselues is done,
to whom we shepheards wæ

Do crouch at sacred altare stone
with twifold bended knée,
and offer holy candles vp.
I wot not what this pietie
and clemencie doth meane,
That silly vs poore shepheards spoiles
of all our substance cleane,
And wraps vs in a thousand ills,
that thinke no hurt at all.
Fau. Oh (Fortunatus) our offence
procures these plagues to fall
And light vpon our hatefull heads
that well deserue the same:
The iudgement of our God is iust,
he not deserueth blame.
For. What heinous fact of ours I pray?
did we his death conspire?
Fau. For braules, theft, anger, baudie life,
and lyes we haue this hire.
For. What haue the good deserued then?
all are not ill alike:
Yet all at once with egall scourge
the hatefull Hag doth strike.
Fau. Oh vile offence, so ill to thinke
of God, is heinous crime:
Wherfore omitting needlesse things
not to be knowen, in time

Amyntas troubles lets repeat,
and cares endurde of olde,
Which we of force by triall know,
let them I say be tolde
A fresh. For loue a practise is
full common now a dayes:
A daily trade which ouer-much
the tender youth assayes.
For. Frend, mourning & such like affects
do ouerthrow the hart,
And plagues the minde: he tels a wo-
full tale that tasteth smart.
Fau. Well may a man debate of things
as state and time require,
But not of such as he nere knew:
so Cosmos did aspire
To be accounted wise and graue.
For. Thou dost (frend Faustus) well
And wisely: wherefore lets begin
well knowen Loues to tell.
Remaines of good Amyntas rage,
and latter fate to rue,
And that vnhappy chance of his
with bitter teares pursue.
I saw, as I by fortune past *Narratio.*
eftsone that way againe,
The man inragde: and taking ruth
of silly Louers paine,

Bespake him as I earst had done,
O wofull wight, (quoth I)
That with this fatall venome vile
besotted so dost lie,
Of whom the people haue their talke
and babble euerie day,
Hast thou not yet put fancies fond
and foolish thought away?
But buried deepe in loue dost lie?
what? wilt thou spoyle both thée
And thine, thy Cattell, and thy Cote
as earst did Sampson hée
That Giant huge, that halde the house
and roofe vpon his head?
When crooked limping age shall come
and braue Iuentus fled:
(If fates allow thée old to bée)
who will relieue thée than,
Poore, idle, drousie, senseless wight
and feeble forceless man?
All these (vnlesse vntimely death
preuent) with age will grow.
Go too, hast home, be ware and wise,
and whether thou dost goe
Take heed, and shun the place where hurt
may fortune to arise:
Be ware (I say) thy future state
forsée with carefull eyes.

Discerne the path thou mindst to pace,
and fixe thou fast in minde,
That man in womans pleasures and
delights is not assignde
To waste away his youthfull prime.
For why: the foolish toy
And wicked lust of wanton Loue
doth tender age annoy.
Euen I that cattell haue good store
and milke and chéese ynow,
Liue hardly, and dow weare away
the world with sweat of brow
And much adow God wot. For why:
our fields did fatle of late,
Such néed doth raigne in euerie place
we are at beggers state.
So manie heauie haps we haue,
such mischiefes dayly light,
Such crabbed lucke, as all the world
is now in piteous plight.
Giue eare to things not heard alone,
or spyed by hunted fame,
Nor manie yeres agoe betide:
my selfe haue séene the same,
And at this day dow daily view,
the proofe doth now appeare.
As custome is, in Month of May
I earst my sheepe did sheare,

And three score pound of passing woll
betime to sale did set:
But now a dayes I thought alike
like gaines thereby to get,
And scarse could keepe my flocke alive
and winter fodder buy,
In frost and snow the cruell want
of pasture to supply.
Oh Lord (Amyntas) how my folke
shall liue I know not I.
Who so doth loue, vnto his Lasse
must manie presents send:
But thou whom scarce a house to dwell
would cruell Fortune lend,
Where day and night is want of wealth,
and lacke of golden fee,
How canst thou shift to send thy trull
ought that may gratefull bee.
Ere this suffizde vnto a Maide
ten apples gay to bring,
A garland fresh of fragrant floures,
a neast of birds to sing.
I knew when in as great a price
the countrey maids did hold
A garland as a better gift:
but now from grasse to gold
They are ascended, Loue is now
become a stately thing:

The

The ancient custome is decayd,
new lawes dw daily spring,
As touching trade of grædie loue,
they gape for greater gaine,
With angrie brow and lowring loke,
repleate with foule disdaine.
To me perswading thus, bespake
Amyntas, Frend (quoth he)
Frend Fortunatus, if thou long
to purchase ease to mée
And wished comfort to reduce,
allow me that I loue:
That onely thing my cankred griefe
and gripings may remoue.
The rest thou babblest torments are,
this sorte will not stint
Nor rooted be from out my hart.
Within my brest the print
And image of the Virgin sits.
With me she sojournes ay:
With me she goes and makes returne,
when I returne by day.
At night with me she lodgeth eke
and sléepes in selfe same bed.
She hath so seazd vpon my bones,
my marrow, hart, and hed,
As neuer may she well depart
till life these limbs hath fled.

And as, what time a tender slip
cut from a foren træ,
Is grakt into another stocke,
their natures ioyned bée,
And so by growth become as one:
euen so the virgins grace,
And image of her comely loke,
and idoll of her face,
Was planted déepe within my brest,
our harts became as one,
Both one our mindes, the difference
twixt her and me was none.
One sense, one soule did serue vs both,
our limbs so linked were.
O happie I, if when my corse
shall dead be placde on Bere,
And fatall Sisters shred my twist,
and finger close mine eye,
I might twirt those her lilly armes
and paps in bosome lye
With heauie head, when soule were past
and liuely line yeut,
That she these dying eyes of mine
mought with her finger shut.
And might with shrill and dolefull voyce
bewéepe my heauie fate:
And powre her christall teares adowne
for losse of louing mate.

Where

Where to the blessed fields that are
allotted to the good,
I after like do passe: or forst
downe to the Stygian floud,
And fierie streame of Phlegeton,
those fretting fits abide:
Ye neither paine withouten thée,
nor pleasure shall betide.
O Dryads, and ye sacred Nymphs
of flowres that haue the care,
O Sire Siluanus that dost rule
where pleasant arbours are:
I pray you gard amid your mounts,
and shadie vales below,
The sweét and smelling flowers that
within your circuits grow,
(The beautie of the countrey fields
and queachie groues we haue)
Do hedge your bounds from feeding flocks
the flowrie soyle to saue.
Reserue (I pray you) them till need,
to decke the Herse withall
Of my sweét wench, when she by stroke
of dreadfull death shall fall.
Then, then let all the ground be strewd,
let garlands then be plide:
At time of death, and buriall of
my Loue, her Herse to hide.

Pierides the penſiue Nymphes
at hand ſhall then be preſt,
With weéping eyes lamenting of
the Graue ſo gaily dreſt.
And ſhall inſculpe theſe wofull words
vpon the Marble ſtone,
Of after-commers to be read
when we are paſt and gone,
Here buried lyes a Laſſe
that wanted nought at all,
(Saue that ſhe cruell was)
a ſacred Saint to call.
Oh Virgin, if ſo great a fire
did burne within thy bones,
By thouſand Scillaes and as ma-
nie Charybds I at ones
Would ſwim to thée to bréed thy eaſe:
thou feller than a ſnake
Doſt flée thy frend. But what néed I
ſo much a dew to make:
And blame the wench: ſhe knowes me not.
No doubt, if ſo the maid
Had vnderſtanding what I were,
ſhe would procure mine aid:
There cannot be a braſen breſt,
where doth ſuch feature flow;
But yet we muſt not ouer much
beléeue the flattring ſhow.

For

For often vnder smoothest skin
doth lurke a cankred minde.
And vnder frendly forehead is
a hatefull hart to finde.
I will goe talke and let her wit
of this my hidden fire.
But oh, if she should wrye her lokes,
and barre me my desire:
To teares my christall eyes would sone
conuert as you should see,
My wofull breast to sobbing sighes
transformed straight would bee.
And though she (cruell) hate me ay
and flee her frend apace:
Yet me this wasting care will still
pursue in euerie place.
Farewell ye Phisicke Arts, for I
am not to be recurde:
Adieu you eke to fetch from hell
the soules that are inwrde
With Magicke verse, and witches call
(vngodly thing to leeue).
Farewell all ye that vainly hope,
with hotlesse words ye geeue,
The steely mindes of Gods to wrest:
for now I see the Skies
Are cruell foes of mine, and will
not bend for all my cries.

Impacient furie drawes me on
it doth me good alone
To range the hills, and wander through
the woods and caues vnknowne.
The doubtfull dennes of dreadful beasts.
Him speaking thus I thought
And went about with frendly words,
to wrest, but all for nought.
The cureleſſe wound by no meanes can
to perfect ſtate be brought.
He mid the ſilent Night, amids
the fields would wander ay:
In bushie lawnds with waking eyes
he walkt at créeke of day.
The wylding was his onely food,
the Crab he vſde to crash:
And with a draught of water he
his thirſtie iawes doth waſh,
And was therewith right well content.
At length vnhappie Lad,
When he his manie wofull cries
and ſchritches yelled had,
When tearleſſe wore his waſted eyes,
and drie for want of wet,
When he with oft rebounding ſobs
his bulke had all to bet:
Came gentle death, and quiet brought
to his vnquiet ſtay.

The

The carkasse dead and breathles corpes
that vn-interred lay,
Withouten honour of the graue
the sauage beasts by night,
And greedie tyring filthie Foules
by day deuoured quight.
Fau. Oh murrein vile, and fatall gin,
that with the venomde darts
The bulkes of men dost pierce, and poys-
ned shafts our mortall harts,
And makst vs brutish seeme to fight,
no bet than sauage are,
What cup of Circes or Calip-
so might with this compare?
What drench might Stix or Phlegeton,
or Furies worse deuise?
O dolts that Loue accompt a God,
O blinde and bleared eyes.
Is God a Nature hurtfull? No.
Where euer he doth woon,
He ruthfull is to man, and doth
no ill, of derter doome.
For. Oh wofull wretched Boy that in
thy tender yeres didst die:
what time that thou wert born, what stars
bare sway in swinging skie?
What part of welkin wrought thy woe
that did deserue no ill.

What cursed corner of the heauens
did thée vntimely kill?
Yet was not all the heauen thy foe,
thou couldst as well as wée
With oaten quill and pleasant pipe
make iolly game and glée.
Had not this ouer-hastie death
thy life so soone oppressed,
Thou hadst deserud Pernassus crowne
and Laurell with the best.
No better Tityrus (beloude
of his Alexis) rong
Of cruell fight, of dreadfull warre,
and of his tillage song,
Than thou: for why thy timely ripe
capacitie was knowne
To vs, it did presage what frute
in time thou wouldst haue sowne.
No vulgar triall of thy skill
and forward wit was seene:
It well declarde if thou hadst liude
what thou wouldst after béen.
Thou mightst haue béen accounted now
the glorie and the praise
Of all our soyle, not such a one
did liue in these our dayes.
Thée Padus, and with wéeping browes
our Myncius did lament.

Yea

Yea Nimphs themselues: as Hebrus erst
for Orpheus was bedrent
With trickling showres of falling teares.
The master shepheards all
Did rue thy death, as Daphnis erst
was pitied for his fall.
Thee all the champion fields about,
both hill and vale do crie:
And all the pasture grounds did lift
their clamors to the skie.
O shepheards, with sweet smelling flowres
bestrew his bitter graue.
The song of Priest and fuming Cense,
(Oh verely) let him haue.
Ye Poets eke eternall rest
wish to his graued Ghost.
Fa. But what? (Amyntas) thou dost lodge
in farre a better coast
Than we, in Fields for happie soules
allotted thou dost woon,
And we below in earth bewaile
the Clipse of life begun.
For, I knew we should lament to day,
for yesternight I saw
Such cruell sights amid my sléepe,
as bred my present aw.
But now you sée the night is come,
descending of the Sunne.

In

In cloud declares that showr's at hand,
wherefore tis time to runne
To fold my flocke. And Faustus thus
my woefull tale is done.

The ende of the third
Eglogue.

The 4. Eglogue, entitled ALPHVS.

The Argument.

HEre *Ianus* shewes the Goate was lost,
he tells the cursed fate,
And doth bewray the bedlam Boyes
vnhappie frantick state.
And by the way good *Alphus* he
to quite his fellowes paine,
The kinde of women doth depaint,
and makes their manners plaine.
Let neuer honest *Lucrece* lowre,
let no good *Grisell* gruch,
For neither *Alpheus* here, nor I
the modest matrone tuch.
We nip the cruell cankred crue
with beautie that allure,
And hauing thrald the miser, seeke
no salue his sore to cure:

But

But take delight with ſcornfull cheere
and face of foule diſdaine
Like vipers vile to ſow the ſeedes
of our firſt ſpringing paine:
Thoſe, thoſe are they that *Mantuan* means
thoſe *Alphus* doth declare:
And (I the Poet to explaine)
thoſe Dames no whit will ſpare.

The ſpeakers names.

Alphus. Ianus.

Al. MOre leane (O Ianus) ſeemes the goat
than ere he was of yore: (than
For luſtie he his hornes ere this
into the welkin bore.
But groueling now on ground he lies
with lyther lolling eares
He ſmells to graſſe, to touch the herbes
at length of lips he feares.
Ia. He droupes, and of his drouping doth
a pleaſant ieſt ariſe:
Which looke how oft I minde, doth make
me laugh with ſmiling eyes,
And yet it is not ſpread abroad,
but when the brute is blowne,
And that through euerie countrey is
this pleaſant ſtorie knowne:

Then

Then all the world will laugh thereat.
Al. (O Ianus) thou err this
Wert wont to tell a merrie ieſt
in merrieſt wiſe ywis,
And with a ſweet delighting voyce:
Wherefore I pray thée now
Declare me why the Goate doth droup,
and tell how fell it how?
Ia. God is my iudge twas neuer faind
of me, but done indéed,
And lately too: But ſhall I tell
the tale withouten méed?
And chat for nought and waſt my winde
Nay, what wilt giue to mée?
What ſhall I haue for telling of
this ieſt begleard with glée?
Al. O frend, when ſo the Nightingale
(that Philomela hight)
Hath built her neſt, and ſits a brood,
I will thy trauell quight.
Ia. Who ſo doth make ſuch raſh behеſts,
by daily proofe we ſée,
Performes not pacted promiſe, but
his tutch is wont to flée.
Al. Nay, who ſo lends ſuch light beliefe,
diſtruſt doth beare in breſt:
But for you ſhall be ſure that I
nill play the guileſull gueſt,

Take

Take here a pledge of promise made,
and bargaine erst by mée:
Take here (I say) from out my case
two Flights that far will flée.
Ia. I will begin. O sacred Nymphs,
Pernassides I pray
Do moue my iawes, and guide my tung,
that I may well display
My welbeloued Goats mishap
and misaduenture fell:
And grant that Alphos Nightingale
may hatch her yonglings well,
That I may haue that I behight
for this good tale I tell.
With pennie I a Lad did hire
my little flocke to kéepe:
I gaue him charge and ouer-sight
of all my fléecie sheepe.
He kept both kids and females eke,
and Ram goates too with care:
And ouer-lookt my flocke, that I
the stripling could not spare.
Till time at last by fortune he
a pretie maiden saw,
(That hether came of purpose bent
at water place to draw
Such water as suffizd her turne)
and liked her so well

As

As he (good Boy) by feature of
her face to fancie fell.
And from that time and dolefull day,
so dumpish he became,
As lesse regard he had of shéepe
(the greater was his shame)
Lesse forced he since that the folds,
and quite bereft of wit
He séemd: so déepe within his brest
the virgins shape did sit.
When he on quiet bed to nap
his wearie limbs did lay,
Where sléeping he or waking were
t'was verie hard to say.
For when he was wide waking, he
such frantick coyle would kéep,
As though (his reason quite bereft)
his wits were gone to sléep.
So dreaming was this boy to sight,
so lumpish wore the Lad:
In sort, that gazers on surmisde
that he no senses had.
This Boy bent to refresh (I say)
his ouer-tyred minde
With sporting play, about the hornes
with twig his Goate did binde
Among the thickest of the briers,
and bushie lawnds below:

And

And so to passe away the time
away the Boy did goe.
(And now foure daies are past and gone)
thus he the Goate to tye,
The strongest of the wyth, and hard-
nes of the hornes did trie.
Meane while the woods he went about,
and rangd the bushes round,
To see where that within the place
might anie birds be found.
The Maid resorted to his thought,
and vnder-crept his hart:
The comely countnance of the Trull
could neuer thence depart,
Nor beautie of her bourly breast,
his musing minde forgoe,
The parts not to be namde he rolde
within his bulke below.
Meane while the Sun had lodgd his light,
that sillie sotted mome
(Vnmindfull of his hamperd beast
a field) came late to home.
Amid the night he cald to minde
that kolish fact of his:
And thinking to go lose the Goat,
in all the hast he rise.
And whilst with fearfull fote he pacde
through dampes as darke as hell,

Where

Where lay much chaffe and rotten ſtraw
into a Dike he fell:
A place of purpoſe made to take
the ſauage beaſts by night,
A hollow vault and dungeon dæpe,
too ſtæpe for anie wight
Once being in, to clamber vp.
Thus was the Goate by him
Faſt bound with twigs, the Page in pit
ycaught and dungeon dim.
No Shepheard kept the beaſts as then,
twas welneere three a clocke:
I muzd, and went my ſelfe about
and numbred all the flocke,
I miſt the Goate, and meruaild much
what of the beaſt became,
I ſought about the fields: at laſt
I cald the Boy by name.
I tell but truth, I ſtood in feare
leaſt he by Magicke meane
And Sorcrie had bæn raiſd to Skies,
and Goat diſpatched cleane.
For Hags and Witches by report
are caught amids the night
Much like, and far to banquets borne
quite out of crie and ſight.
This dreading, I to paſture ground
did bring my ſhæpe at laſt.

To

To feed their fills, and whilst that I
did wander all agast
In irksome shades and vgly nookes,
and entred in the groue,
I heard a farre the braying of
my Goat, and how he stroue
With punching hornes & pushing pate
against the wyth a good,
I plainly saw, and how he bet
the Bush gainst which he stood.
This gastfull thing affrighted me,
and monstrous sight to view
Unlooked for. But when at length
my silly beast I knew
And bolder wore, I went me in
among the brakes in hast:
With hooke I hewd the brambles downe
and bushie briers at last.
As late in euening home I hide,
all round about the field
A girning rout of grinning folkes
by fortune I beheld.
Approching nearer to the prease,
me each began to greete,
As soone's they knew what man I was,
and friendly did intreate.
Lo here (quoth they) O Ianus is
a little Lad of thine

Tane vp a wolfe his den of late,
A deepe and dangerous myne.
Ye wandring late about the downes,
did happen (to his paine)
Vpon this caue: but now both goats
and he be found againe.
The goate that had this cruell hap,
as yet vnlustie is:
But yet of both the foolish boy
most frantick is ywis.
The virgin hearing that the lad
did loue her passing well:
Eftsone as proud as peacocke wox,
and with disdaine did swell.
And making wise she had not wist
the cares he did endure,
Pretended honest life, the more
the stripling to allure.
And to encrease her beautie more,
she deckes both face and breast
In finest wise, and in her gate
her lookes to ground she cast.
Thus Forly she with simple show
and seeming to the eyes,
In double breast and subtill hart,
her craftie meaning plyes.
These are the tricks that women vse,
this is the sleightfull gin:

These are the cruell wepons that
the mindes of men do win.
Thus hoping he his gallant girle
to conquer at the last,
His wages scorn'd, and pride his loue,
and followes her in hast:
Wherefore now leauing cart and plough,
and Oxen all alone,
To Shepheards toyle will I returne.
Fraile youth (the more the mone)
Is vassall to his furie fell,
and to his folly thrall:
It wanders round about this coast,
and ouerturneth all.
Al. Lo, see what mans wit can deuise:
by fortune comes to thought,
(O wondrous chance, O happie hap)
that this to minde hath brought.
O famous iest, for two months space
well able glee to make:
God faith for thee the Nightingale
now sits abrod in brake.
But that which thou of subtill sleight
of craftie Lasse didst sing,
What Vmber earst of womans guils
hath wrote, to minde doth bring.
Ia. O tell vs Vmbers merrie verse,
if thou hast ought in store,

Now out with all: they say he wrote
a stately style of yore.
Al. Tis as thou telst, but for my tale
what recompence remaines?
What thanks shall I? what guerdon haue
for vndertaken paines?
Ia. Go to, Ile stand to bargaine made,
kéep thou those darts of mine.
Al. O Ianus, while I goe behinde
that yonder sedge, repine
Not thou to driue along my flocke,
but force them onward still.
For feare least in my absence they
the neighbour vine do spill.
Ia. O Ramme I say, that for thy hornes
the diuell dost represent,
To enter in the Vine thou ay
with cankred minde art bent.
Thou neuer wilt be ware and wise,
till from thy forhead I
With cruell yron for the nones
do reaue thée either eye:
And make them leaue that péeuish pate,
and horned head of thine:
Will not a hundred acres serue,
but thou must to the Vine?
Al. Oh, now at my returne I haue
reuoked to minde somwhat

Of those selfe things we mentiond earst,
of all I cannot chat.
But Vmber wist of evrie thing
that man by wisedome knowes:
The skie, the stars, the ground, the windes,
the sea, the flouds that flowes,
The fountaines eke, and spouting spryngs:
at Rhodop he hath bèn,
Epyrus fierie mountaines hee,
and Ossa earst hath sèene.
The soyle of France and Araris,
both Rhodan, ryber, Pade:
And out of curious Grèeke he hath
his Latine mèeters made.
A worthie wight for either speach,
And skild in either tongue.
As well's the best that euer yet
hath Latin verses sung.
Him specially the learned Grèekes
repined sore to sèe
(Arcadia, Thrace and rhessaly)
our Countriman to bée.
His doctrine and his trade of life
good Candid followed ay
That dwells hereby: he skilfull is,
he shall declare the way
And readie path to vs: meane while
let Shepheards vs assay

With lolly blast of puffing breath,
on oaten pipe to play.
But first of all I pray the Nymphes
here prest to be in place:
But Polyhimnia chiefe, they say
she hath the goodliest grace,
Narratio. These women are a seruile sect,
curst, cruell, puft with pride,
Reiecting lawes, refusing meane,
from reason wandring wide.
They scorne the bounds of better life,
extreames are best in price:
What they attempt is rashly done,
and quite without aduice.
A woman either not prouokt
like leadfull lumpish lies:
Or being once stird vp, too fast
about hir things she hyes.
Aye winter like, a frowning cheare
and frostie face she beares:
Euen as the Dogge with cruell starre
the singed soyle that seares.
She neuer kéepes the golden meane:
for either passing well
She loues thée, or with mortall hate
pursues thy ghost to hell.
If graue they couet for to seeme,
too grim becomes her grace:

Shée powteth then and fiercely frownes.
But it with frendly face
She long to loke, her grauitie
is banisht out of place:
Those lokes demure and Matrone-like
leaud laughter hath in chace.
Straight giglotlike she wareth light,
she grins with childish cheare:
In smiling brow, a whorish mirth
doth shiningly appeare.
She sobs, she laughs, right-wise she is
as frantick as a Hare:
Oppresst with trembling fear she quakes
and yet too much doth dare.
She will she will not, euer so
hir thoughts contrary are
Inconstant, light, vaine, chatting, and
a double tung doth beare,
Presumptuous, threatfull, thirsting blod,
disdainfull erie where.
Vile, grédie, catching, quarling ay,
and strouting full of hate:
Of light beléefe, and bent to lies,
impatient of her state.
A costly charge, to quaffing giuen,
rash, bitter, iesting, light,
Ambitious, Sorcesse, brothell baud,
with superstition fright.

To lasie, greédie gutted, and
to lechors lust inclinde,
Sweét mouthd, venerious, wanton, of
too nice and daintie kinde.
To flattrie bent and painting of
her face with forraine freake:
She kéepes in cankred heart her hate
till time she may awreake
And be auenged of her foe:
vnfaithfull, thankleſſe eake,
Malicious, hastie in reuenge,
bold, bedlam, wrangling wight,
A rebell, stubborne, stiffe as stake.
She takes a great delight
To cast in téeth her old good turnes:
if ante her accuse
Of guiltie crime, with tragicke voyce
her selfe she will excuse.
She mumbles to her selfe, she stirres
debate, she forceth nought
Of promise made, she frendship scornes,
and euer hath in thought
Her priuate gaine and no mans else:
she iests, she flatters ay,
She tells thy counsell, and as she
thy secrets doth bewray,
With bitter scoffe she paies thée home,
she trifling newes doth spred.

Among

Among the people, and doth adde
to euerie tale a shred,
And of a hillock makes a mount.
She doth dissemble sore,
She makes in wise, and beares in hand
and learned hath of yore,
Untruths and leasings to deuise:
to craft she wants no art:
She wots well how to euerie chance
hir countnance to conuart.
Man can not well auoid hir guile,
nor shun hir Forly drifts.
So manie are hir mischæuous crafts,
so sundrie are hir shifts,
And subtill slights her craft to cloake.
Yea and put case that thou
With present eye behold hir feats,
yet she with shameles brow
Will dare excuse committed crimes:
by cloaking craft she can
And double dealing of the minde
delude the sense of Man.
We wot not how to credit ought
that hir report did blow:
And yet if she would haue vs thinke
that all she sayes is so,
We cannot but beleeue the same
she driues vs to affie;

Hereto

Hereto examples may perſwade.
What curſed crime to trie
Hath not a woman had the heart
and ventrous hand of yore?
Tarpeia to her countrie foes,
(that mortall hatred bore
To Romane ſtate) the Capitoll
did yéeld in hope to haue
The iewels that about the wriſts
of ſouldiers gliſtred braue.
Medea with her babies blood,
imbrued her beaſtly hands:
Faire Hellen thouſand Barges brought
vnto Aegean ſands.
For Minos loue (her fathers foe)
whom Scylla did purſue,
She reft the Princes purple locke,
and from her countrey flew.
Her brother beaſtly Byblis lovde,
with father Myrrha lay:
Semyramis that aged Quéene
of Babylon (they ſay)
Her ſonne King Ninus out of kinde
did fancie (fleſhly Dame:)
Eriphile at ſiege of Thebes
(to her eternall ſhame)
For golden Dwch betraid her ſpouſe
Amphiaraus hight:

King Danaus daughters did to death
their husbands in a night.
The Thracian wiues with cruell clumbes
the Poet Orpheus rent:
Pasiphae that wanton wench
(to worke her foule intent)
In Minos absence closde in Cowe,
was couerd of a Bull:
Hippolit Phædra went about
from honest life to pull.
Rebecca Isaac did deceiue.
and bleard his aged eyes,
And hid the sonne that Iacob highte
in goates long hairie slize.
That curssed Deianira gaue
vnto her manly fære
The fatall venome, he (good man)
did buy the shirt too déere.
Hippodame beguild her sire,
and stopt his vitall breath
By match with Pelops, and procurde
thereby his hastie death.
Lauinia wrought the Troians woe,
and bred a broyle in field:
Her Turnus would haue had to wife,
Aeneas would not yæld.
Achilles chiefetaine of the Greekes
from battell Brisys draue.

Duke Agamemnon all inragde
with Chryſis beautie braue
Did fret and fume in furious wiſe
and felt Apollos wrath:
And curſed Eue from bleſſed fields
mankinde expelled hath.
Beleeue me (Shepheards) for I ſweare
by Gods that haue the care
Of Country ſoyle: If you will haue
your Cattell well to fare,
Your Paſtures fit for feeding flockes,
and wanting all diſeaſe:
If hope you haue of ſheep, of peace,
of life and quiet eaſe:
Abandon all theſe fooliſh girles,
let wanton wenches goe,
Do from your ſheepcotes chaſt away
all women leſſe and moe.
Let Theſtilis and Phillis waile,
beare Galatea grudge:
Force you Nerea naught at all,
let fine Lycoris trudge.
Oh, make me ſhew what woman ere
went downe to darkſome hell,
And came from thence, or tidings brought
from ſuch as there do dwell:
Euridice might haue returnd
if ſhe had had the wit,

And come from shade to Sunne againe,
to light from lothsome Pit.
Proserpine eke, whom Pluto stole
and had conuaid away,
Her wearie mother Ceres shund
with grisly king to stay.
But good Aeneas shapd returne,
and Orpheus did the leeke,
Alcydes eke that Champion stout
and thrice renowmed Greeke.
Duke Theseus, and the brothers both,
of whom one quailes his foes
With fight on horse-backe, tother ay
on foote to wrestling goes.
And our Redéemer, highest GOD,
(whence life and comfort flowes)
Went downe to Hell, and rose againe,
as all the world well knowes.
These (shepheards) these are mysteries
to be obserud of you:
By kinde and nature Man is bent
all filthy things t'eschue.
Infamous places most delight
and fancie Womans minde.
Euen as the Sea-man driuen on
the rockes with waue and winde,
Knowes how the dangers to declare
vnto his other mates:

So he full well of former haps
and future chance debates,
And tells what fortune will befall
by likelihood at the least:
Whose wasted yeres haue planted wit
within his aged breast:
If silly Fowles the Eagle flie,
if Buckes the net do shun,
If bleating Lambes auoid the Wolfe,
if Déere from Dogs do run:
Then (Shepheard) oh why dost not thou
from womans flattrie flée,
And trudge from her with spéedie slight
that so annoyeth thée:
As ruthfull they as Crocodyle,
or beast Hiena hight.
The viler mischiefe they pretend
when to the outward sight,
They dewe their chéekes with trickeling (teares,
and vse their swéetest call:
Then they conspire thy cruell death
(fell Monsters) most of all.
O Shepheard shun the womans looke
and flée her flæring face:
For harling nets and hurtfull ginnes,
are pight in beauties place.
Repose no trust in manly force,
in prowesse or in might,

Trust

Truſt not Duke Perſeus glittring ſhéld,
that made the ſturdie knight,
Of fell Meduſas crawling ſnakes
to bide the vgly ſight.
Earſt manie monſters haue ſubdude,
and ghaſtly Giants queld,
Huge Cities ſackt, and in their hands
whole ſeas and hauens held,
With flowring fields and hautie hills,
that ſæmd to touch the ſkie:
And other ſome haue wonne the ſpurres
for noble chiualrie.
Yet thoſe that valiantly atchievd,
and did theſe feates of fame,
And conquerd all, a woman hath
(the more theſe Princes ſhame)
As captiues caught, and brought to yoke.
That Shepheard that was King,
And wore the Lions hairy ſpoyle
and warrd with weakfull ſling,
And eke his ſonne that worthy Prince
King Salomon by name,
The ſacred Temple (Syon clept)
who firſt of all did frame.
And Sampſon he, whom neuer man
could deale withall in field:
All theſe I ſay, for all their force
to womens loue did yéld.

Leſt

Lesse hurts the fierie flashing flake,
lesse craggie rocks annoy,
And lesse the Gleaue that Adam did
expell from heauenly ioy:
Lesse spoiles the spitefull steely speare
and dreadfull dart of Death,
That quite cuts off the line of life
and reaues the vitall breath,
Than woman doth, our daily foe:
who neuer well content
With beauties beames that Nature gaue
doth ay with care inuent
A thousand meanes to make it more
and fairer to the eyes.
A golden glistring Fillet to
her forehead she applies,
With purple hue her palie cheekes
she paints and daily dies.
By arte her lockes she sets in place,
and decks and dils her pate:
By arte she tempers all her lookes,
by arte she guides her gate.
She runs before with scudding skips
the louing man to lure
And bring to place for folly fit:
although she loke demure
And giue the nay, with all her heart
she would on him bestow

His suite, shée striues, but gladly would
be conquerd of the foe.
A Woman to the Northeast winde
may well compared bée,
That gathers vp the clowd, and straight
doth force the same to flée
Abroade by guilefull puffe againe,
and bitter windy blast:
So shée allures, and then shée lowres
vpon her loue at last.
By trial I that finde it true,
do will thee to beware:
(Whilst yet thou maist) the lothsom tricks
that in these Women are:
But homely they by nature are,
by arte they waren braue:
By day tis all the worke they do,
their dreames thereof they haue.
They pluck off haires where néed requires
they wash, they paint and sléeke:
They chamfer, purle, annoint and smooth,
and practise other léeke.
Deceit they are from top to toe,
all craft and trifling toyes:
All stuffte with venome rancke and vile,
that gazers on annoyes.
If glasse shée takes his counsell aye
for ought shée puts in vre:

By view thereof she learnes to moue
hir lips, and lookes demure.
She learnes to craft by gaze of glasse,
to smile with flattring glose:
She wags her hench that hangs behinde,
and shoulders as she goes.
What meanes that bare and naked breast,
and open clift a hie,
That makes the double path betwixt
the dangling dugs to lie?
Nought els (good faith) but for the force
of poyson should oppresse
The sense the more, and Stygian flame
within the heart increase.
These are the rockes of restlesse age,
and Syrts that threaten wracke:
These Scillaes and Charybdes are,
the cords of youth to cracke.
These are the fowles that Harpies hight,
that with their filth defile
The chamber, parler, bord and streete,
and make the temples vile,
Pollute the path, the champion fields,
the sea, the flood, the hill.
These ghastly Gorgons are that earst
in Lybia land did kill,
And that with monstrous glowing lookes
to stones did men conuart,

And wrested Nature from her kinde
by cursed cruell arte.
Thus by the way (as you haue heard)
the learned Vmbers verse
Recited is, and we are they
that did the ryme reheatse:
Which if you deeme excesſiue long,
remember that the blame
Is in the thing it selfe,
the verse doth not deserue the same.
The verse is not so long, as is
the womans frantick fit.
O noble aged famous wight,
(of whom for worthy wit,
The boasting Vmbria brags and vaunts,
and riber neighbor place
Thereto) twas not without desert
that martiall Romane race
Of thee accompted earst so well:
the noble Citie knew
Thy passing wit, and pleasant vaine:
the learned Muses rue
Both Grækes and Latines thy decease.
I wish thy corpes in graue
With ease to lye, and golden soule
in skies her seat to haue.

The 5. Eglogue, entituled CANDIDVS.

The Argument.

Siluanus seemes to muſe
at Poets idle life:
Himſelfe not ouer haſtie yet
by gift to eaſe their griefe.
But *Candid* (Poet poore)
bewailes the preſent time,
VVherein the learned loathed are,
and ſuch as maken Rime.
Siluanus wealthie was
well ſtorde of ſtuffe at home:
But carefull *Candid* want of goods,
enforcde abrode to rome.
But yet for all his toyle
and trauell long ſuſtaind,
For all his learned vaine in verſe
no whit this Poet gainde.
VVhich makes the man the more
gainſt wealthy wights to warre,
For ſomewhat he deſerude to finde
that trauilde had ſo farre.

The Speakers names.

Syluanus. *Candidus.*

SIL-

Sil. O Candid, thou ere this
didst vse a common trade,
With vs to kéed thy flocke a-field,
and pipe in pleasant shade,
To chat in merrie wise,
and wrestle now and than:
But now me thinkes thou art become
another kinde of man.
As though thou didst both loath
the shepheards and their soyle:
Thou flœst the fields, and scornst to sing,
a slœpie dumpish droyle.
Can. You that at home haue store
of goodly houshold stuffe,
Whose kye haue dangling vdders downe,
and morning milke inough:
Whose flockes do fill the paile
euen to the vpper brim,
Whose Hierds do make the croked Cans
with washing whay to swim,
Whose bords with bankets braue,
and fattie feasts do reake:
In commendation of a Verse,
and praise of Poets speake.
If ought be well deuisde,
you giue a cherefull crye,
And to the hearing of the same
a pleasant eare apply.

Vaine praise and painted words
in recompence you giue:
Meane while the shepheard hunger-starud
in thirst and cold doth liue.
Sil. Can he not both attend
his flocke, and other while
At vacant time make verses, and
all cankred cares exile?
And wast his dayes in sport,
and lead his life at lust,
As best contents his liking minde?
Can. No (frend) a Shepheard must
All leasure time vnto
his Cattell well implie,
Trot out in hast, returne in poast,
and bout his matters hie:
Keepe off the barking wolfe,
close vp his flocke in fold,
Buy straw and fodder to sustaine
his beasts from winters cold:
For meat and drinke puruey,
no leasure time remaines.
A verse it is a stately thing,
and craues a cruell paines:
And all the braine Siluanus hath
and stirring senses straines.
Both these are weightie workes,
and ouer-much for mée.

When

When I haue ſung I am full dꝛie,
my lips nere parched bée,
And no man giues me dꝛinke,
but ſome will ſcoffe a gꝛod,
And ſay me thinkes your cloake is thin,
your haire growes thꝛough your hꝛod:
Your hoſe are crackt at knée,
your beard is bꝛiſtled ſoꝛe:
Now naked trées vnueſted are,
the frоſtie hills are hoꝛe,
I chafe, I ſoꝛrow eke,
and daily do diſdaine,
The coſt of néedfull cates conſumes
and weares away my gaine
Of woll and cattell male,
We kéepe the females aye:
But foꝛ they foſtred are with milke,
we make no chéeſe noꝛ whay:
They dꝛie the ſtrouting teats,
It irkes me of my wit,
(If any lodge within my ſcull)
and ſkill a verſe to wꝛite.
It loaths me of my life,
this cruell chance toſée,
That none of all the ſhining ſtarres
is frendly light to mée.
Thou wotſt full well that I
foꝛ nought theſe manie dayes.

Haue sung, I wanted few good things
as then: now youth decayes,
And limping age is at
another kinde of stay:
Which now encroacheth on apace,
it reaues our wealth away.
Then strength begins to faile,
no lucres hope remaines,
Then must we vse our gotten goods,
and waste our coffred gaines.
Wherefore now time requires
and bids vs looke about,
Sée how the Ant a little beast,
(I put thée out of doubt)
But circumspect and wise
in summer drags to caue,
And hides the graine in hole, his life
in winter time to saue.
And, least the corne should sprout,
and so escape his might,
The buried graine with greedy mouth
this silly beast doth bite.
Sil. They say there are that know
what fortune shall betide
By starres that rule at time of birth,
and they do thus decide.
The Poets they were wont
to Mercurie to assigne,

And noble Péeres are vnder Ioue,
whose souereigne scepters shine.
Them mightie Ioue allowes
the gold and kingly seate:
Mercurius giues those other wit,
tung, harpe, and verses feate:
That is thy lotted hap,
why dost thou gape for pelfe?
God doth distribute néedfull things,
as he doth sée himselfe
What is for our auaile:
wherefore accept thy share
And liue content, resigne the rest
to vs that wealthy are.
Can. Thou riches hast at will,
I verse and Poets trade:
Why crawlst thou then my verse, and dost
anothers bounds inuade?
Sil. I reaue thée not thy Muse,
or ought that Phœbus gaue:
But to thy Musicke for to lend
an eare, is all I craue.
Can. Then if thou long so much
to heare my pleasant voyce,
(Siluanus) reason is, that with
thy wealth I should reioyce.
Sil. Ye at my wealth doth ioy,
that loues both me and mine:

The ſpitefull man hates mée, and at
my welfare doth repine.
Can. Yea then as well thou maiſt
in abſence take delight
Inough of this my Muſe, and ſo
thy friendſhip I requite.
For Verſes are the feaſt
and iuncket of the eare,
Théſe ſerues to fæde the talking lawes,
in ſtæde of better cheare.
Wherefore if thou deſire
to feaſt thine eare with ſound:
Then ſet my chaps a worke with cates,
for ſo thou ſtandeſt bound
By loue, and law of God,
ſo pitty doth perſwade.
God giues not all his gifts to one,
but in ſuch ſort hath made
His lawes of kind, that none
can finde ſuffizing powre
Within himſelfe to ſerue his turne,
but at ſome néedefull howre
He ſtands in want of helpe,
and of ſome forraine aide:
And that is it that doth conioine,
and euer yet hath ſtaide
In league of laſting loue
all kindes of forraigne wights:

The French, the Maure, the Italian, and
the worthy Spanish Knights.
Then let vs ioyne yfeare,
and lincke at last in one,
Those starres that at each others byrth
and day of being shone.
Cause Iupiter to bée
my faithfull friend at néede,
And thou shalt haue Mercurius helpe
if he may stand in stéede.
Thou shalt not want his Hat,
his twigge or Lute to play:
Alcydes knot thou shalt commaund,
which fewe can tell the way
Or none at all to lowze,
so doubtfull is the drift:
Yea whisking wings and all thy limmes
into the skies to lift.
Sil. God faith me thinkes thou tellst
a vaine and trifling tale:
Your ouer many words declare
your tongue is tipt with ale.
Can. You count it vaine that doth
your riches wrong a whit:
But if to heare my merry Muse
you haue so great delight:
Dw ease my drowsie dumpes,
and mist of carefull minde:

For

For verses craue a quiet breast,
and ioyfull hart by kinde.
I woren am of late
much like the skirring Kyte,
Whom cruell cold and hunger cloyes,
a slow vnlustie wight.
All scalie is my skin,
my lips are passing drie:
For lacke of licour at my nèd
I am at point to die.
In stable not a beast,
in cloase no corne to sée:
No crosse in pouch, and wouldst thou haue
me voide of care to bée?
Such Philicke doth not serue,
nor sitting is to ease
Me (silly Myser) of my griefe
and griping foule disease.
Make merry me, dw cloath
my bare and naked bones,
Relæue my age, and thou shalt sée
me making verse at ones:
I out of hand will sing,
and pipe in pleasant wise.
A house that stored is with wealth,
where trash and treasure lies,
Doth cruell cares exile,
and banish dumpes away,

A Sellar full, Folds stuft with flocks,
Pots full as ere they may:
A Flaggon full to brimme,
as much as it can hold,
Barne full, fatte Cattell, and a Purse
puft vp with peysing Golde,
These make the merry minde.
Then pleasant tis to wake
The winter nights, and with a sticke
at fiers side to make
Good sport with striking of
the ashes furrowise:
And roast the Chesnut that yrakt
in scalding imber lies.
And with an alie Cruse
the cruell thirst to quel,
And pleasant tales among a rout
of spinning Trulls to tell.
For Virgil (by report)
Mecœnas bearing sway,
The Country, Oren, soile and eke
the Martial warres did splay
Aloft in lusty tune,
and strake with stately Verse
The starry Skies, his Musicke did
the hauty Heauens pierce.
Good lucke and store of wealth
allowd him fluent vaine:

As silly, poore and patched soules
the Muses dow disdaine.
To vs that Gruell suppe
with greedy gaping gumme,
As leane as rakes, the God of skill,
Appollo scornes to come.
Sil. O friend if hoped hap
suffizing wealth allow
To mee, I will procure release
of cares that cloy thée now.
Can. *Siluanus* would thy will
did counteruaile thy might,
And thou wert bent as well as thou
art able me to quite
From present poore estate.
I neither long to haue
The fluent wealth of Cosmos, tis
no silken cloake I craue.
No roabe of purple staine
Or Die that came from Tyre
Nor costly cates of mighty Kings,
nor Bankets I desire.
Not Æsops dainty dish
or warlike Pallas shielde,
Nor battled buildings raised hie
that Romaine Nero helde.
(I minde it well that I
of Vmber learned this)

I craue attire and vittailes in
a thatched Coate ywis.
So that I were assurde
of that till life did blinne:
Giue me Pythagors homely fare,
and Codrus garments thinne.
I often times haue had
the hap to hit on such
That offred haue to me ere this
in painted words as much,
But nought they did indéede:
my hope consists in thée
Alone, and in none other man.
If thou once false with mée,
Quite off is cut my hope:
with Nightingale I may
Shut vp my pipes till next returne
of Spring, and leaue my lay,
As one withouten spéech:
then wil't be time to put
My weapon on the poast, and watch
discharged, the doore to shut.
Sil. O Candid thou at Rome
ere this (I know) hast béene:
The sacred Senate there thou hast,
and holy Fathers séene.
Where are so many States
and store of learned braines,

There may a man enrich him sone,
there rest the Poets gaines.
Can. No sure, thou art beguilde,
thou thinkst I long for pelfe:
So wēnes the Wolfe that other eate
the meate hē mouthes himselfe.
And thou hast this conceit
that other tread the way,
And crosse the path that thou doest pace,
thus doest thou sēme to say:
A pittance would suffize,
I couet not to flowe:
O let me liue withouten care,
the Romaine Court I knowe.
O (Siluan) what auailes
that place so pore a Wight?
Augustus long agoe is dead,
in dampe of darkesome night
Ye woons and staies in Hell.
If Rome ow ought erpend,
Tis trifles, Rome receiues the Gold,
and words for ware doth lend.
Alas, for now alone
at Rome doth money raigne:
Dame Vertue liues a weary life,
exilde shē bides the paine,
Each man doth bid vs hope
and loke for god at last:

We gnaw on Crust, tis slender fode,
we were as good to fast.
Sil. Display some dreadfull fielde,
pen actes of worthy Peeres,
Write wreakfull wars of wrathfull kings
repaire to such as steeres,
And are the stay of Realmes,
and wield the Princely Mace:
Thou shalt haue lucke to light on some
that pitty will thy case.
Can. Tush, sooner shall I finde
the checke of scoffing taunt:
Of Poets men as much account
as stewes they daily haunt.
Why then (Siluanus) doest
thou stirre my chafed witte:
Sil. Such filthy words to speake it is
not for a Poet fitte.
Can. I can none other chose
but very soth to say:
But if thou faine wouldst haue the truth
to be concealde, do stay
Thy tongue from mouing me,
and leaue while things be well.
Sil. What tis not one to stirre to wrath,
and good aduice to tell.
Can. Of counsaile I am store,
my budget is but bare

How should a needy Poet Warres
and kingly Campes declare,
That hath not once so much
good here below the Sunne,
As knife to cut his Pipe, and cause
the breath by holes to runne?
Behold the handle of
my Whittle how it wags
By lowsenes of the pinnes: see how
the edge is all in laggs,
And toothed like a sawe:
but these are slender things,
The lacke of meate and drinke is it
that me so vilely wrings.
Good counsell somewhat mends
the matter when it comes:
But that aduice that fruitles is,
our shaken Senses nomes.
It breakes the busie braine,
it weakes the weary witte.
For Peeres small friendships to bestow
me thinks is nothing fitte:
And they do flat refuse
great guerdons to forgoe.
Besides our Princes now a daies
account of verses so,
As Boreas blast of leaues,
with whisking force that flie:

Or Lybicke winde with stormie puffe
that on the Seas doth lie.
As frost doth force the Vine
whom cruell it doth cut,
The Kesars they their trickling idyes
in swéete delights so put.
(Unmindefull of their states)
and idle life imbrace:
As verses they will none that séeme
their vices to deface.
Thence flowe the wanton Rimes,
this makes that Poets now,
Of childish Venus chat so oft
they wot neare what nor how:
Of taunts and scolding scoffe
of beastly belly chéere,
Of sluggish trade, infamous acts,
which too reprochfull were,
And vile offence for one
that honest is, to write.
But those that earst with hardy hand,
and courage stout did fight,
That vsed valiant armes
and dealt with deadly blade,
Not glutted with the grédy Golde,
haue more of Poets made:
And lovde the lofty Muse,
and Verse of stately stile,

Those Martiall kings that foild the foe
with haughty hand ere while,
Extold the haughty Pen
that did their battailes blase:
But straight assoone as warlike wights
and Vertue fled the place
The Poets could not write,
Inuention fainted tho:
The learned lost their braine, the flood
of Versing wared lowe,
To wracke went worthy works.
If now a dayes of fame
Be any living, that by warres
hath got a gallant name:
He forceth nought at all
of after commers praise,
Renowme of forraine land he scornes,
content with present daies,
(Quite glutted with good fame)
and laude that they allowe,
Whom he doth hourely see with eye
and viewes with daily browe.
A sauage man outright
he loues no learned skill,
Or else of much desired gold
can neuer haue his fill,
But drowned lies in mucke
and in the Metals mire,

Quite

Quite crusht with cares, as Mydas was
with greedie golds desire.
Besides, with Princes are
a rude and rusticke rout,
A spitefull sect: The flattring guest,
the counterfetting lout
Whose gestures maken glee,
the baudie merchant eke,
And he, that whatsoere he sayes,
to please the eare doth speake.
Then he that playes on stage,
the iangling iester too:
Nert him the mate that hunts the whore,
and other thousands moe
That hate the Poet, and
are vertues deadly foes,
Erpell him from the Princes Court.
Much like as when the crowes
Haue loathsome carrion found,
and see the Carcas lie,
They driue from thence both foule & beast,
not letting them come nie.
Againe some Poets are
so out of reason rash,
As (blockish beasts) they dare to make
too fond and foolish trash.
And all to feed the eares
and humors of the Peeres,

Yea such as force no whit of fame.
For Poets eke there steeres
A kinde of franticke mood
and madnes of the braines:
These (but I wot not what it is
that thereunto constraines)
Will Poets be in hast
and taken so abroad,
As sone as once they haue in pipe
of hollow hemlocke blowd.
Well thinke they of themselues,
vpon their bookes they boast,
Vile fooles, and silly sots vntaught,
not fit to rule the roast:
Foreseeing naught at all,
forright and witles men.
Who so accustomd is to lend
an eare vnto their Pen
And foolish tedious tales,
do deeme there is no choyce,
But all are wise alike: and this
is it that barres the voyce
Of learned men indeed:
for that most know not how
To iudge the better from the worse
Minerua from the Sow.
Sil. O Candid, I protest
by heauenly powers on hie,

And hautie Gods of Olympe hill,
that weld the scudding skie:
That I (if on my sayles
there light a blessed blast)
Will seeke to further thée in time,
and be thy helpe at last.
Meane while content thy selfe,
and champe on hope with mée,
Till better fortune shall allow
my frendlier fates to bée.
Can. If so thou meane me well,
I wish thée like againe.
Sil. Yes faith, with all my hart and minde,
the proofe shall make it plaine
Within a little space.
Can. Farewell thou churlish chuffe,
Pray God thou neuer maist returne,
that neuer hast ynuffe.
Would all thou handlest might
(as Mydas did of yore)
Be gold, for cause thou setst of gold
more than of vertue store.

The end of the fifth
Eglogue.

The 6. Eglogue, entituled Cornix.

The Argument.

How Country differs from the towne,
here *Cornix* he recites:
He girds the fooliſh ſotted Sects,
and gainſt the witles writes.

The Speakers names.

Cornix. *Fulica.*

Cor. The wrathfull winter ſnowes
fell Boreas blaſts doth blow,
The yſicles from houſes hang:
the man that erſt did ſow
And tild his ſtonie ſoyle,
hath left a field his plough,
And takes his eaſe: the wearie ground
it ſelfe doth ſlumber now.
The ſhepheard hauing ſhut
his dores, and caught his cloake,
Kœpes houſe: Nerea eke doth ſit
at home in ſmothering ſmoke
At Chimnie nooke, and plies
hir pottage pot apace:
Earſt Sommer for his ſcalding heat,
(when ſummer was in place)

That

That was so much misliкd,
is now commended sore:
And winter hated is of vs
for whom we wisht before,
Ful. All present pleasure we
but little worth esteeme.
Surpassing that which is to come
(the hoped good) we deeme.
Euen so the farther off the light,
the more the light doth seeme.
Cor, Each time and eky age
his pleasure brings with it:
See how the countrey boyes vnkempt
in patched garments knit,
Reioyce at slaughter time
when Pigs do goe to pot,
They fill the bladder full of beanes,
and hauing tyde a knot
They rattle it a good:
another whiles withall,
Close-fisted they their elbowes ioyne
and foot the flying ball.
And thus the winter cold
with trotting here and there,
And frostie time with coursing of
the countrey ball they weare.
Yet we farre better here
in chimnyes like to burne

Whilst

I stretcht in straw, do waste my time,
whilst milke to curd doth turne.
Ful. The winter doth foreshew
the powre and needfull plight.
We youths are such a retchlesse rout
as do not weigh a whit
The after time to come:
in summer careless wee
Do lead our liues, not minding what
the winter's wont to bee,
And all our pence the Piper hath
for making merrie glee.
When Boreas makes returne
from Scythian frostie bound,
And bared trees with battred boughs
and leaues plaid on ground:
Welway where birds haue bred
and hatcht their chickens earst:
Powre naked soules our shoulders, backe,
ribs, feete with cold are pierst.
Our folly winter wries:
more wise the townish bee,
That heap their hoords of welth at home
furd downe beneath the knee.
The Fore, the belly wraps,
the stomacke gards the sheepe:
With helpe of speckled Libart eke,
away the cold they keepe.

Cor.

Cor. We countrey men are sots
and fooles of erie age.
But not alone we witlesse are:
for why a madder rage
In Citizens doth raigne.
But Ladie Fortune is
A Damme to them, she sæmes to vs
a Mother Law ywis.
This stepdame sterne doth deale
with vs in cruell sort:
They now a dayes are counted mad
that beare the baser port.
But once allow me wealth,
let me haue riches store:
Then am I best in all the towne,
I shall goe all before.
Then will my tale be heard,
I shall be masstred ay:
Then croke they knées, the caps goe off,
and marke what euer way
I passe, the people crouch:
my counsell then they sæke
Both poore and rich, the wealthie snudge,
the aged fathers æke.
Ful. O Cornix, tis not Chaunce
that brées this wit in man,
But tis the minde: nor maken vs
this fortune wealthy can.

Tis

Tis God that giues the goods
as earst Amyntas said:
Tis ealie riches to attaine,
if he dow stand our aid.
Cor. May Fortune is a God,
no doubt thereof I haue.
But what was it Amyntas told:
of thée his tale I craue:
For he was knowen a man
of quicke and sharper braine
Than diuers are, wherefore I would
heare his good verdict faine.
But yet before thou hast
that wise discourse begun,
Vnto the folds to sée our flocks,
I pray thée Fulike run.
Trudge, and returne in hast,
for after cold (thou knowest)
A fit of heat more welcome is,
packe, and retire in post.
Ful. Vp to my knée doth reach
the thicke vnthawed snow,
Scarce houses beare the waight thereof:
the ouen that bakes the dow.
Hath at the very top
great lumpes thereof that lyes,
And vp into a picked point,
it climbes in piller wise.

Cor.

Cor. Fill vp the Racke with hay
that came of latter share:
Dow stoppe the clouen clifts with straw,
if so the walles dow stare
Or gape in any place:
and ere thou hither come,
Besmere the threshold round about
with slime and bullocke lome,
For nothing more annoyes
or banes a beast than colde.
What? art thou come? what meanes this
tis more than vse of olde.
Fu. Fie, Winter nips me sore,
this frost doth make me sweat:
The greatest comfort in the earth
is, both in colde and heate,
To hugge in reaking hay,
and when the colde is past
In stifling straw to stretch our stumps
and limmes in mow to cast.
Cor. Go to, begin to tell
how Towne and Country trade
Dow swarue, the oddes display thou here.
Ful. Thus good Amyntas made
The difference twixt those two.
Narratio. What time the world began,
And things as yet were newly framde,
then God did linke a man

With

With woman aye to liue,
and marride them yfeare.
Ye wild the man to get the Babes,
the woman Babes to beare:
And taught them how they should
their Children eke beget,
At first they plide their busines well,
and did their taske yfet.
Would so they had done still,
and let the fruite alone:
And neuer tasted of that tree
the Apple grew vpon.
The woman wore a Dam,
both boy and wench shée bore:
And yearely so by like increase
with men the earth did store.
When fifteene yeares were past,
God came againe that way,
And there he found the woman whilst
shée gan hir Babes aray,
Him shée discride a farre,
as shée at threshold sate.
(This while was Adam gone a field,
this womans wedded mate.
Ye careless fed his flocke,
as then was no mistrust
Ykalshood twixt the man and wife.
But when that growing lust

Made many marriage knots,
then falſe they gan to play,
They knock the Goate about the pate,
and reft hir hornes away
To graffe on huſbands head:
then iealous fæde begonne
To take his rote in huſbands breaſt,
he doubted of his ſonne.
For men that falſe abord
themſelues are wont to play,
Miſtruſt their wiues will goe about
their auncient debts to pay.)
Herewith the mother bluſht,
and bare hir ſelfe in hand
So many Babes would ouer much
againſt his liking ſtand,
And make hir be ſuſpect
of too much wanton luſt:
Shée ran and hid me ſome in hay,
and ſome in chaffe ſhée thruſt.
In came the mighty GOD,
and hauing bleſt the place.
Said: Woman fetch me all my Babes
that I may ſée their face.
The mother brought the bigſt
and let the leſſer lie:
God likt them well. As men are wont
(as daily proofe doth trie)

Of Foules and senting Houndes
to like the eldest best.
First to the senior of his Sonnes
thus spake the God and blest.
Take thou this kingly Mace,
supply a Kesars rowme:
Unto the second brother Armes,
and made him Mars his growme.
Be thou a Duke (quod he)
and daunt thy foes in fight:
And then at last he shewde out Roddes
and Axe to open sight,
With twigs of tender Vine
and Noble Romaine darte:
And Offices gan deale about
to euery Babe a parte.
Wherewith the Mother glad
to see her sonnes extold,
Ran in, and fetcht out all her brode,
and saide: Then God behold
These are my belly fruite,
these in my wombe I bare
As well as those: vouchsafe to let
these haue some part of share.
Their bristled pates were white
with chaffe, the straw it hong
About their armes, and spider webbs
that to the wattles clong.

Those

Those likt him nought at all
not one he fansde well,
But frowning saide: Auaunt you Elfes,
of mowe and moulde you smell,
Take you the gozing Goade
and Country punching pzicke:
Take you the spitting Spade in hand,
and Garden setting sticke,
To you the Culter longs,
the yoake and other trash:
You shall be ploughmen, Carters you,
with whip to giue the lash.
You shall be shepheards you,
hey cutters, delue the soyle:
You shall be Seamen, Cowards eke,
turmoild with endles toyle.
But yet among you all
we dow appoint that some
Shall leaue the clownish Countrey life
and to the Towne shall come.
As Puddingmakers, Cookes,
the Butchers, Piewiues eake:
And other such like sluttish Arts
of whom I dow not speake:
That wonted are to sweate
and at the Coales to burne,
Like Drudges wasting all their dais
to serue their Maisters turne:

This done, the mighty God
departed to the Skies.
Thus twixt the towne and countrey did
the difference first arise.
Thus were the Clownes ymade, as good
Amyntas doth deuise.
Cor. If he had aught said well
I would haue marueld much:
He was a Townish man, and they
do euer beare a grutch
And byte with bitter scoffe
vs poore and countrey soules.
This all the woorke they haue to do,
aye vs the towne controls.
Yea, they will nothing shame
against the Gods to iest,
Deuising trifles like to this.
Art thou so plaine a gest,
And stuft with Pudding so
and hast thy belly full,
As that thy selfe art toucht herein
can neuer pierce thy skull?
This nippe is euen a taunt:
But let vs for a space
Vnto the follies of the Towne
conuert our Countrey face,
And iudge of all their deedes:
least thou surmise perhaps

That

That they are wiser vnto whom
the people vaile their caps:
And such as daily goe
in golde and purple wæde,
Than we that homely Rusticks are
and simple men in dæde.
I sundry times haue sæne
men clad in costly geare
Like Princes bout the market square
and setting here and there:
Quite hunger sterud at home,
and kitchins voide of Cokes,
As poore as Iob when all was weyde
for all their lofty lokes.
What follie more than this?
to beare of wealth a face,
And be a needy begger yet
for all the painted case?
Yea but beguile themselues
in vsing this deuise.
Yea more than that, my selfe haue sæne
the Office fathers wise
That beare the onely sway
(O vile and filthy crime)
Whilst they themselues will liue at ease
and lewdly waste the time:
Set out their wiues to hire
and daughters to be solde:

What can be worse: or fowler fact:
what more to be controlde:
Ful. Put case they cannot finde
another way to liue:
Cor. No: did not God as many hands
and other senses giue
To them, as vnto vs:
yes. Then I pray thée tell
The very reason (Fulicke) why
they cannot liue as well:
Nay, more than that, are some
that practize dayly feate
To come by wealth by vaine deuise
as neuer man could get.
With iuice of sappy hearbs
they rubbe and burnish Brasse,
In hope to make it gold in time,
and bring their wilkes to passe
In wresting nature cleane,
and changing kinde by skill:
They puffe the coales in pensiue cars
with swarth and smokie gyll.
Another studies hard
and plies inchauntments sore,
In hope to finde some hidden vaine
of gold, vnknowne before
That lurkes in dampe of ground
and hollow Vault below,

And playes the witch, but nothing gaines
as proofe doth plainly show.
What vainer toy than this:,
what lewd or lighter iest:
Because they would auoyd the plough-
mans life, that is the best,
They practise euery feate,
attempting euerie thing:
They oft begin, but neuer aught
to good effect can bring.
They euer turne and winde,
and keepe a daily coyle,
To keepe them from the carefull cart,
and tilling of the soyle.
By money loane and vse
of filthie Fulkers trade,
(That vsurie may well be termd)
infamous shifts be made.
They practise force and fraud,
and double dealing ay:
They lay their wylie hookes for wealth,
deuising day by day
A meane to mount to state,
and Honors tickle throne.
Whilst we sheep, goats and flockes do feede
and let such tricks alone:
They keepe their soaring Haukes,
they foster barking hounds,

They haue their footcloth nags to ride
about their pasture grounds.
Of munkeys much they make,
and other apish toyes:
This is the onely trade they vse,
these are the townish ioyes.
The rusticke cattell keeps,
the townsman curres and kytes:
I pray thée iudge which is the best,
of theirs or our delights?
Which most with worship stands,
which brings the greater gaine?
Ful. If so our trade be bet than theirs,
then how should they attaine
Such store of stamped coyne
and riches as they haue?
How come they by that daintie fare?
how by those garments braue?
Cor. How man? By slipper craft,
by pelting pilfring shifts,
By subtill fetches of the minde,
by double diuelish drifts.
What (mad man) dost not see
how vs they daily wring
In cruell wise? If of our words
(a vile and beastly thing)
They take aduantage once,
and catch vs in a trip:

We shall be sure to feele the smart,
and bide the lashing whip.
They deeme a goodly deed
to take vs in a snare:
And this is all their whole deuice,
their studie, and their care.
Ful. Why? How befalls that thou
the Citie knowst so well?
Cor. How? this I learned earst while I
my milke was wont to sell,
And had my female Goats
within the Citie wall:
I oasted at a Bakers house,
he knew their manners all.
He was a craftie childe,
and with his yron would
Goe cut the dowe, and nip the loaues,
when maidens gan to mould.
He (as he wist their wyles,
and knew their craftie trade)
Said that the Citie was a hell.
A whole discourse he made
Of their vnthriftie liues
that in the towne did wonn:
And told me, that to filtch at first
himselfe had there begun.
In Cities other are
with beastly baudie rule.

That waste the welth their grandsires gaue
and plying of the Cule.
They haue their minion trulls,
and wanton fleshly Froes:
Oh, what more filthie can be found
than is the life of those?
Pray, where is whoredome vsde,
manslaughter and vproare?
Beare these in Cities not the sway,
and euer did of yore?
Where lodge those Kings that seeke
their Crownes by losse of blood:
And force their subiects to the death,
that in their quarrell stood?
Where won the warlike wights,
that with such desprate harts
Obiect themselues to fearfull foe,
and dint of deadly darts?
For slender wages they
do hazard life and all.
What madnes more than theirs that so
do seeke for sodaine fall?
Of life they lesse account
than of a blast of fame:
And what is glory, praise or laud,
what worship, honors name?
What gyddie peoples voyce
and brute of foolish braines?

All

All dies and weares away with time,
death all this trumpzie staines,
All sodainly do flit,
as light when sunne doth dim.
And they that hauing wealth at land
vpon the surge will swim,
And leaue the countrie coast,
are fœlish wights I trow:
He wants his wits that will affie
in windes and water so.
Who so hath store of wealth
and vseth not the same,
Is mad I thinke: But yet of all
the man is most to blame
That lives a Wizers life
and ouer-hard doth fare,
And heapes his treasure in a hozd,
and all foz sonne to spare:
And leaues the thing vndone
(which he might compasse well)
Foz chilozen that shall after come
when he is dead in hell.
All such as number starres,
and meddle with the skies,
And those that calke the daies of birth,
and thinke they can compzise
By skill to scan the fate
to man that shall betide,

Are

Are very fooles: but from his wits
yet is he farther wide,
The nature of the Gods
that doth insearch to know,
And dares vpon so great a light
his little eyes to throw.
Farre better is our faith:
for townsmen euer looke
To haue a reason, els they will
scarce credit anie booke.
Bare words we soone beléeue
that are of countrey stampe,
And at the sacred altare set
vp many a light and lampe.
But Citizens are hard
of faith, and neuer blin
To search the secrets of the Gods:
who if it were no sinne
To descan of so much,
but that they ought to know
Their natures, then themselues they might
vnto our senses show.
But sithens they would haue
their secret kinde vnknowne,
What meane we to enquire of Gods,
and let them not alone?
Our charitie besides
the townish zeale excéeds.

For

For holy men that serue the Church
and weare the sacred weeds,
What store of meate get they
which goe from place to place,
Of vs that in the countrey dwell,
within a little space?
I Barges load haue seene
of graine and goodly corne,
Brought from the countrey to the towne,
we ay such zeale haue haue borne.
Another sect of sots
and foolish men there are:
As pettie foggers, barking bugs,
and pleaders at the barre:
Well skild to scrape for coyne,
euen tyrants in their trade.
For fee they sell their helping hand,
for money they are made
The wrongfull case to plead:
they make their chéefest gaine
By letting causes longer hang,
than néed or law constraine
Within the cruell Court
where matters are to heare,
And what at one court day might end
they linger on a yeare.
Phisitions eke there are,
from place to place that ride

On Hulets, that full often strike
the veynes that are denide,
And minister amisse,
and for diseases frame
(Whose kinde they neuer knew before)
a certaine terme and name.
And they (though Art they want,
and lacke good Phisicks skill)
Haue lawfull leaue to ver the sicke,
yea, Patients eke to kill.
And those that Office beare,
and swinge the cheefest sway,
The more authoritie they haue,
the more they run astray.
The madder woren they
once placde in Rulers rome:
O, what of holy Gouernors
and Fathers is become,
Of whom our Elders earst
by fier sitting told?
Now all is gone to spitefull wracke,
that hath bēn seene of olde.
The temples are defacde,
the poore do make complaint,
The widowes weepe & wring their hands,
with too much greefe attaint.
And what should be the cause
that things are at this hand?

The onely reason is, for that
that lust for lawe doth stand.
Ful. Fie (Cornix) fie, your rage
beyond all reason goes:
Thou all men dost condemne alike.
What (man) thou must suppose
That of the Townish some
are good, in City dwell
Some honest men that leade their liues
and get their riches well.
Cor. I haue forgot thy name,
but sure thereof I stand,
Nie Balearia liues no snake,
all venome voids the land.
No Dwle in Creta cries,
no Horse or Gelding runnes
On mount Ægeria: nor no ho-
nest man in Citie woons.
Ful. An honest man is scarce,
in Countrey and in Towne:
And vertue is as rare a thing
as any may be found.
Cor. O Fulicke thou art mad,
that takst their party so:
Each one that in the Citie dwels
is thy vndoubted foe.
They shaue vs close to skinne,
they pil and make vs bare:

They force vs first to filch, and then
our necks they do not spare.
They wey not they a whit
though we to Gallowes goe,
They tie vs vp in hamp'ring corde
on tree to fede the Crow.
If we haue ought that likes
their fancie or their lust,
They thinke to wring it from our hands,
it is both good and iust.
They plucke away our plumes
and feathers one by one:
They neuer linne to scrape our goods
till all our wealth be gone.
Which if we chaunce to see,
excuses then are had:
But so we see not when tis done,
they will denie like madde
They neuer toke away
one iote but was their owne.
No wrong they do esteeme the theft
to be that is vnknowne.
Thus all the wealth they haue
and mucke that lies in mowe,
By our sustained toile they gat
and sweat of painefull browe.
Ful. Nay, now you farre excede
the bounds of meane and right.

Cor.

Cor. O Fulick Townish shameful pranks
infect the wide world quite.
What makes in Summer time
so many rotten showres:
Such thundring flakes, wind, flouds & hail,
as from the heauen powres:
I yet remember I
haue séene the ground to quake:
The haughty rowls of houses fall,
and piller posts to shake:
The Sunne obscurde with darke
amid the shining day:
And in the night the Mone be dimde
and starrelight tane away.
How chaunst that stinking weédes
the graine do ouergoe,
And wilde and barraine Dates oppresse
the hoped haruest so:
How hapt the Goates inuades
and tramples downe the Vine:
That smelling floures in spring are spilt,
and garden goods do pine:
All these mishaps by meane
of ciuill Townish ill
Befall: and moe in time (I feare)
thereby such mischeues will.
Whence come these rash byzores:
whence springs these battailes broile,

That

That brings with it all kind of plagues
that so annoy the soyle:
The City is the head
and Fountaine whence it flowes:
Lycaon hee that cruell Wolfe
(whom all the world well knowes)
From Citie did descend:
Deucalion (with his make
God Pyrrha) was a Countrey man:
Twas for Lycaons sake
That all the earth was drownd,
Deucalion peasde the waue:
Lycaon murthred many men,
Deucalion man did saue:
Ye toke them from the earth,
this brought them life againe:
If euer Fire should waste the world
(as some affirme it plaine)
That mischiefe shall discend
from Towne and Citie sure:
Their vile and filthy liuing will
these cruell plagues procure.
Fu. O Cornix leaue to talke,
I heare the boyes to call
For pottage, (lest I be deceiude)
if ought be left, it shall
At after dinner bee
debated and discust:

The seuenth Eglogue.

Now let vs plie the paunch, the houre
declares to meale we must.

The 7. Eglogue, entituled POLLVX.

The Argument.

HEre *Galbula* extols
the Shepheards to the Skie:
And tels how *Pollux* did conuert
that saw the Saint with eye.

The Speakers names.

Alphus. Galbula.

Al: WHat thinkest thou Galbula,
sir Pollux passing fine
In piping earst (I wotte not how)
inspirde with powre diuine
Forwent his Pipe, his wæde,
his charge of Beasts, his Pates,
And hooded (as the Lapwings are
with crists vpon their pates)
Foure daies agoe himselfe
to holy house did yælde.
Some thinke that whilst his flocke he fed
alone in open fielde

He saw some goodly shape
from Heauen to appeare,
(The rest I haue forgot) but what
thinkst thou? I long to heare.
Gal. As Sages said, when God
each creature gan to make,
(No trifles I will tell, but such
of yore as Vmber spake)
Both Clownish countrey wights
and shepheards he ordaind:
The tilman tough, vnmilde, in ci-
uill nurture neuer traínde,
Much like the lumpish clay
that Culter doth controll:
The Shepheard of a softer kind
a silly hurtlesse soule,
As simple as the shéepe,
deuoide of wrathfull gall,
The Shéepe that yéelds the milke, and likes
his kéeper aye withall.
From flocke to Altar he
would bring when so he came,
Sometime a shéepe, a fatted Calfe,
sometime a sucking Lambe.
To Gods their honour due
he gaue with good intent:
His seruice so preuaild with them,
he so their Godheads bent,

As

As since the time the world
created was and made,
Vnto this houre, most gratefull was
to Gods the Shepheards trade.
And more than this, he calde
Assirians a sort,
(Their names through care I haue forgot)
to Mace and kingly port,
That Shepheards were afore:
who garnisht braue in gold
And purple roabes, proud countries oft
in battaile haue controlde.
That Paris that beheld
three Goddesses in Ide,
With Priam eke the Syre that would
haue forst his sonne t'aue dide,
A Shepheard was. When Moyses
seard with heauenly fire
Came barefoote through the fields to see
the signe with great desire,
A Shepheard then he was
and lately come from floud.
(Apollo as a banisht man)
in Greece did thinke it good
His Godhead laide aside,
a shepheards charge to take,
And so th' Amphrisian fields to walke
and bowe and shafts forsake.

Those sacred Angels eke
when Christ in Oxen stall
Was borne, foretspake for shepheards sake
that he would be a thrall.
And shepheards being taught
the miracles diuine
Of heauenly birth did first behold
the thundring Impe with eyen.
The mighty Infant gaue
the shepheards libertie
Before the wise and royall Kings
in Cradle him to see.
A shepheard he himselfe
disdained not to call,
Those men he tearmed sheepe, that simple were and meeke withall
And least you thinke I lie,
from Citie home againe
To Country as I came, in Church
I read them painted plaine.
There portraide are the beasts
and little Lambs that lie
On soyle beside their Dams. A huge troupe from mountaines hie
Of Gods on horsebacke comes,
their Diademes do blaze
With glittring gold, this sight doth make
the passers by to gaze.

No maruell then if Gods
appeard to Pollux sight:
In villages, in sheep, and homely sheepcotes they delight:
God is a guest to simple men,
the haughtie he doth spite.
Al. Thou telst the truth: I wish
the fields as hurtlesse bee
Unto your beasts. The asse, the racke,
and bullocke I did see.
I call to minde the rout
that thether flockt a pace.
Me thinkes I see the Kings of Inde,
that brought their gifts in place.
One thing I craue, what kinde
of shape did Pollux see?
And if thou knowst it (Galbula)
doo deine to tell it mee.
Gal. I know it well, and will
rehearse the storie true,
A worthy fact to tell or heare
for all men to ensue.
The froward father, and
the stepdame full of pride,
Had pressed Pollux necke with yoake
vneasie to abide,
In tender yeres when youth
sweet pleasures doth perswade:

But when he felt his force to faile
through such a wearie trade,
And saw no arte preuaild,
their rigor to relent,
He thought it best to run away:
and thus to flight ybent,
His onely let was this,
he lovde impatiently.
For doting loue (a common fault)
doth youth accompanie.
Loue of it selfe is strong,
the violence doth passe.
He went: at parture (these complaints
to me he wonted was
His dolours to declare)
with mournfull voyce he spake:
Wilt thou O Virgin, shed thy teares
for such a traitors sake?
And when thou seest thy selfe
by Louer so betraid:
Wilt thou bewaile the want of him
that such a pranke hath plaid?
Wilt thou thy cruel Friend
remember in distresse?
Or shall that louing breast of thine
a chillie cold possesse?
That breast that hath prouokte
so many weeping eyes,

Wilt thou wax wan for griefe? wilt thou
send sighings to the Skies?
I see the Virgins eyes,
hir eares, hir panting hart.
Alas may any cunning now
conceale my secret smart?
A double dolour doth
distraine my troubled minde,
Hir griefe and my distresse: my woe
to waile is me assignde,
But not to hir: my fire
more couertly doth burne.
You Gods (I trust) will hir preserue
in health till my returne.
That after my exile
when I shall backe retire,
Our loue may haue a good successe
ere youthfull yeares expire.
Thus talking he did passe,
and would haue turnde againe:
Such loue had bleard the boy, such frensie
broylde in youthfull braine.
But now the dice were cast,
decreed was the flight,
He vnderneath a Poppler tree
sate downe a woefull wight.
Beholde a Virgin crownde
with Garland he did see,

Hir face, hir eyes, and habite were
Nimphlike in eche degree.
She did approche, and thus
the sorrie boy bespake. (now:
(Sweet Lad) where wilt thou wander
thy purposd paths forsake.
Alas thou wotst not where
this day would bring thee streight,
Yet darst thou goe to places straunge:
and thinking no deceipt
To lurke in grassie field.
eche perill thou neglectst:
All safe thou deemst, and that which likes
thee best, thou most respectst
Like vnaduised youth.
The adder knit in knot,
And lurking in the grasse, doth bite
the man that saw him not.
The vnware is soone beguilde,
the Infant dares assay
Without en dreade in burning Coales
with tender hands to play:
And thinkes it but a sport
vntill hee feele the fire.
This countrey traines the Passengers
at first with sweet desire,
And proffers pleasures rife
with ioyes exceeding all:

But

But entred once, forseeing not
the hurt that may befall,
It sets a thousande snares,
and planteth perils more.
This path as soone as you haue past,
that hill you see before
Leades to a shadie wood
where cruel beasts doe dwell,
To dungeons deepe and loathsome vaults:
as blacke as any hell.
And who so is intrapt,
shall thence retire no more:
For first he hath a fillet swarth
and vaile his eies before.
Then drawne about the wood
through sharpe and shrubby thorner,
To Monster he transformed is:
and whilst his tong he turnes
And thinkes to speake, he howles,
and coueting vpright
To goe, he groueling creepes on foure,
the heauens are barrd his sight,
Beneath a valey darke,
a pit with waters blacke
Doth stand, and then a mountaine huge
doth ouerlooke the Lake.
Thus drawne to stinking Styx,
is headlong downe yeast

Into the filthie foord, the sinke
doth swallow him in hast:
Thus damnd to Stix in shade
for ay he must abide.
Alas, how manie shepheards through
those doting fits haue dyde,
And perisht with their flockes?
But I am buste still
As one vntyrde, to shew the way
and wrest thee from the ill.
Wherefore doo way delayes
and flie the flattring doore
That traines to death, goe seeke the coast
that leads to secret shore,
Against the Idalian flouds
where Carmelus is seene
To lift his head aloft to Skies,
bedect with garland greene.
To ancient Fathers first
this hill gaue dwellings good,
As caues and houses made of trees
within a bushie wood.
From thence Religion first
deriude, his off-spring tooke,
And came amongst your hills, as from
his head, the running brooke.
And from one Grandsire as
doo manie nephewes sprout,

In

In those same woods, where beechy boows
are growing all about,
Where fattie Pix doth sweat,
and rerebynth doth shed
His glew-like gum, and clammie iuyce.
There after thou hast led
A happie hurtlesse life,
deuoid of vile offence:
Then into places euer-greene
and flourishing, from thence
I will aduance thee straight
in better lodge to dwell:
Immortall shalt thou weren then,
and (marke what tale I tell)
Thou shalt as fellow mate
vnto the heauenly States,
Get vp aboue the starres, and haue
the Nymphs vnto thy mates,
Both Hamadriads and
the hillie Orcads hight,
And Napes Ladies that in sweets
and garlands doo delight:
With lawfull leaue to haue the skies
both vp and downe in sight.
Thus hauing told her tale
to skie the Uirgin flew.
Then Pollux sware his minde was turnd
and hart ychaungd a new.

For-

For went his furies fitte.
Euen as the fierie flash
Is quencht, when Padus with his streame
the frying fields doth wash:
So parted cruel Loue,
that earst his Arrowes shot
At him (good youth) that striuing would
those cold hot fitts forgot:
And so good Pollux he,
to silence Cloyster came.
Al. Yea marrie, Gods some men inspire
that looke not for the same:
But they with other wroth
and causles angrie bee.
Gal. Such power haue Gods on vs as on
our sielly sheepe haue we.
This knowledge will suffice
vs simple Country clownes:
Let them contend for greater wit,
that weare the Scarlet gownes
And in the Cittie wonne.
Thus person Ianus tolde
Returnde from towne, and said he saw
it writ in storie olde.
Al. Now goes the Sunne to glade
he toucheth top of hils,
Wherefore that wee with him depart
his wonted parting wills.

O Galbula get vp
those trinkets on thy backe,
The Scrippe is light, the bottle light,
no paine to beare the packe.
For though the burthen way,
yet is it good to beare,
Do that, and I will fetch our flocks,
for now the day doth weare.

The 8. Eglogue, entitled Religio.

The Argument.

TWO Shepheards met yfere,
one likte the Mountaines moſt,
And tother did commend the Vale
aboue the Hillie Coaſt.
The praiſe of *Pollux* Saint
is intermingled here,
And ſacred feaſts: with holy daies
that happen in the yeare.

The ſpeakers names.

Candidus. Alphus.

O Alphus now the ſcorched ground
doth thirſt becauſe the Sunne

Is in the hieſt point of Heauen
that he is wont to runne.
Wherefore vnto the hanging hils
this preſent time perſwades
To driue our flockes where Dealw is riſe
and Mounts do caſt their ſhades.
Al. Yea, yea, I ſée the hills afarre
and haughty Mountaines hie:
But (to be plaine) what of the hills
to make I know not I.
For from my Cradle cuſtome was
with me to léede my ſhéepe,
In vale belowe, by riuers ſide
to dwell and flocke to kéepe.
Vpon the hillie ground (I pray)
what kinde of corne doth ſprout?
Can. O ſimple ſillie witted lobbe,
O plaine and pleuiſh loute,
That aye haſt dwelt by damping flouds
and filthy Fennes belowe,
Much like the Gnats that haunt the lakes
where brush and rubbiſh growe.
And where the ſluttiſh vermin cauſe
a ſauour like to hell,
And ſtifling ſtinke in durtie dikes,
and Marriſh deapth to dwell.
Where is of frogs, gnats, flies, and wormes
and other like good ſtore,

Among

Among the Willowes, Alder boughes
and rotten Rédes, with moze
Than I can name: and yet doſt thou
thus dare to mocke the Hills
And make ſo ſmall account of them:
From whence (I pray thée) trills
The ſpouting Spring: (where god friend)
is marble quarry yfound (golde,
That builds the Church: where grows the
in vale or hilly ground:
What ſoyle brings forth the lofty maſt:
where growes the Phiſicke graſſe,
And hearbs to cure diſeaſes fell,
if not in hilly place:
I ſundry times on Baldus mount
the Bearefoot gathred haue,
Which goats diſeaſd from force of death
is ready way to ſaue:
As Ægon earſt to me declarde
when he did geld at Spring
His Sowes and Lambs, he taught me that
as ſure and ſoueraigne thing,
Take here quoth he, the paſſingſt hearbe
that euer grew on ground.
And further tell me (pray thée) where
are Cheſnuts to be found
More plentuous than on hils aloft:
where greater ſtore of Maſt:

There are both groues & pasture grounds
there I haue broke my fast,
With Pie full many a time and oft,
and fattie gruell eate,
There are the sturdie Children borne
bold youths in my conceit,
Clode footed lads with shoulders square,
well brawned armes and strong,
All hairy, hand harde, whose backes
no weight can lightly wrong.
From thence comes lusty Mariners,
that saile the Marble Seas,
Are none more fit for towne affaires
or Citie than are these.
Where thou wilt haue thy Cattell cut,
or seeling timber feld,
Or Stables harmde, the Privy cleansde
or staying stoppe that held
The filth, removde from where it lay
and bred a lothsome smell:
Or men by ladders to descend
to vaults as darke as hell:
These, these, are they that doo the feate,
their wits are passing good,
And they are of exceeding force
and lusty strength by the Rode.
But what shall neede so many words:
all toyle they take in hande:

Wait in the kitchin, makes the Fire,
cast on the Chimney brand,
Turne broch in cunning wise, make cleans
and purge the lower hole
For smoke to passe, beare guts and tripes
to riuer in a Bole,
Sweepe filthy flore with Birchen broome:
but most I meruaile how
They run with burthen on their backs
and neuer seeme to bowe.
They are bred vp among the Rockes
and mid the Mountaines wonn,
Like Goates into the croked Caues
of sauage Beasts they ronn.
Besides this, eake the way is short
from top of Hils to Skie,
Vp to the azure clowdes they reach:
and some do stand so hie,
As verily I deeme they touch
the golden stars welnie.
They say there is a place where as
The Sunne from Sea doth rise:
Which (if I well remember) seemes
vnto our mortall eyes
Euen with his head to touch the Pyne,
and that there liude a man:
But afterward when greedy Lust
and licorous lips began,

To taſt the fruite that was forbid,
and that he eate vp all
The Apples, kæping none for God
when he for fruit did call:
This Glutton was erpeld the place
not ſuffred there to dwell.
This makes that holy fathers like
the loftie Hills ſo well,
And there dw chooſe them quiet ſtayes
to leade their liues in reſt:
As Carthuſe witnes can full well,
Carmelus, Gargans, Creſt.
Laureta, Athos, Lauerne, Syne,
Soractis picked pate,
And Nurſis thou that famous art
for aged Fathers fate.
And good Gamalula, whoſe head
ſo Turret like doth ſtand,
Beſet with Bæch and other trées
that growe about the land.
As for the reſt I ouerpaſſe,
for why I dw not minde
In this my tale to compaſſe all.
The Gods of ſtately kinde
Dw oft frequent the hilly holtes,
when downe in vale below
Dwell Ducks, Didopper, Bitour, Gooſe,
Kite, Shag, and other moe.

Al. Among the Pleasures of the hills
whereof you speake so much,
How chaunst that you do nothing here
the Vine and haruest touch?
And yet these are two chiefest stayes
and aides in life of Man.
Can. Those mountain lads from rocky hils
come hither now and than
To buy our Corne in market place,
Grym wights all grymde with dust,
As rough as bogs, as leane as rakes,
raggd, leaping at a crust,
The dwellers shewe the places kinde
and what his nature is.
But that you spake of Sacred vse
and Mountaine holines,
Hath brought vnto my minde againe
of Pollux what is saide.
Al. O Candid, if thou canst declare
what Goddesse tis, what Mayde,
Say on for that whereof we gan
to chatte, is all in vaine,
More better were of holy trade
to talke, and greater gaine.
Can. That Galbula that earst was wont
with thee his flocke to fede,
Could fully haue instructed thee
in thy demaund with spede.

Al. Of Pollux much was saide before,
but yet no word was spoke
There of the Nymph, nor did I then
him thereunto prouoke,
But now this talke, of Church affaires
and holy sacred things,
(For sure they best deserue the praise)
to my remembrance brings.
Can. Shee was no Driad Nimph pardie
that in the woods doth wonne:
Shee was no Muse of those that boute
Lybethris Mount doth runne.
Nor any of those Orcades
that haunt the hils on hie:
But mother shee to mighty God
descended from the Skie.
To bring a peace to such as in
distresse and trouble lie.
Dame Tethis is hir wayting mayde.
and Ladie Ceres eke
Attends hir traine, and Æole hee
that by his force doth breake
And bridles wrath of wayward winds
that in his prison are.
Hir God hath plast aboue the Sunne
and golden glistring starre,
Aboue Cassiope the faire.
and hath adornd her head

And

And sacred front with twice sixe Signes
that her enuiron spred:
And more than that, the watrie Mone
that shewes her face by night
Full vnderneath her goodly foote
his prouidence hath pight.
Al. Oh Candid, wonders thou declarst
which shepheards neuer knewe.
What is that Tethys tell me, and
Cassiops glittring hiew?
What is that Aeol that in den
doth bridle blustring winde?
What be those fierie Stædes? thou tellst
great meruailes, rare to finde.
Can. Some part of them be starres indeed,
some part names found of old,
All which when Pollux had to me
in largest manner told.
Into the temple led me forth,
and said: This sacred Wall
That here thou viewst, is able well
to make thee shew of all.
The wall was painted full of Signes
and Figures all about,
All I remember not, my braine
is weake, tis quickly out:
Scarce this I bore away, for all
I oft revolvd the same,

And did recompt within my head
each thing and erie name.
For sundrie times for to recompt
a thing in couert breast
All Phisicke farre excells, I dœme
that feat to be the best.
That Virgin can from darkned skies
the duskie cloudes remoue,
She can to parched corne giue drinke
to make the Haruest proue.
And when her pleasure is, she can
cause springs in fields to rise:
And when hir list represse the same
againe in wondrous wise.
She can (ift be her pleasure) make
the barren soyle and ground
As fat as any pasture, and
make it with graine abound.
When Scorpius in his darksome lodge
and hellish house receiues
The old Saturnus frostie starres,
that worldly things bereaues
Of blissfull state, this Virgin can
inforce to kéep no coyle.
The ratling hayle shall nothing noy
the corne vpon the soyle:
The house shall neuer fall by fire,
nor wasted be with flame:

For

For now they ſay, the Skies procure
and angrie ſtarres the ſame.
Oh, if this Virgin be diſpoſd,
ſhe can make all thing ſure.
If ſhe be frendly, corne ſhall fill
the barnes: ſhe can procure
Each beaſt to bring a twin to light,
to glad the maſters mind.
Yea and ſhe liſt, although the ſhéep
be drie or rot by kinde,
She can inforce with twinke of eye
and becke of frendly brow
The dug to ſtrout with milke, the backe
with woll, and lambes ynow.
She can remoue all vile diſeaſe
that noyes the hurtleſſe beaſt,
She can tell how to cure the flocke
with any gréefe oppreſt.
Now néedleſſe tis to follow Pan
or any ruſticke Saint,
Which ancient folkes did honor ſo
with follies myſt attaint.
I ſaw about the Altare of
this Virgin, ſucking Kids,
Plough, oxen, ſhéepe, and Ianus goate,
and written there I ſpide
In table that at altare hung
this Verſe: Here Ianus hee

That lost his Goate, for Goatey found
doth offer this to thee.
And whilst I red this writ on wall
with knée on marble stone,
Gan Pollux pray before the Arc,
and Virgin call vpon.
He said: O Goddesse that preserust
both towne and countrey well,
I pray that Padus boue his bankes
and limits may not swell,
And that no Fairy sucke by night
our babies in our armes,
Nor that such hegs about our coast
may rangle with their charmes.
O Goddesse fauour husbandmen,
the wastfull Want destroy
That is our daily foe, and doth
our pasture grounds annoy.
O Goddesse, when the Winter comes
and we haue sowne our séed,
Send down some pleasant showres of raine
to moyst the soyle at néed,
Least crieping wormes and vermine vile
in yeare that is to come
Do gnaw the corne with marring mouth
and loathsome little gum.
From Boreas blast defend the Fig,
from cruell Crane the Beane,

The haruest corne from greedie geese
ybred in marrish fenne.
The Ore from spitting adders iawes,
from fore and theefe the sheepe.
From Locust, coles and lettice leaues,
the vine in winter keepe,
The flocke and fold from wolues deceit,
the corne from burning blast,
The dogs from madnes, townes from fire,
and thundring bolts y cast.
The leg of bacon from the mouse,
the gammon from the wight
That keepes the Campe, and in the field
doth dayly vse to fight.
From Palmer, and the slouthfull: Oh,
I haue welnigh forgot
The rest, perhaps recitall of
the former verse will not
Be hurtfull, but reduce to minde
what I had thought to say:
Wherefore I will begin againe,
where I right now did stay.
The leg of bacon from the mouse,
the gammon from the wight
That keepes the Campe, and in the field
doth daily vse to fight.
From Palmer and the slothfull Snaile,
the gardens greene as grasse.

Next

Sæst Alphus what a verse can dw?
Now is it come to passe
As earst I thought it would indéd,
remembrance is renewd.
O Virgin saue from thunders roze
the drinke we lately brewd.
Kéep well the blossomd Ewes from cold,
the Calues from stinging flie,
The Hogs from squince & swelling throat:
so that they may not die.
That plough-mens labor be not lost.
O Goddesse dw thy best,
Let not the hyues of Honnie Bées
by hornets be oppzest.
Ne let the Linet spill the Hirce
or Myllet séeds destroy:
Nor briers by renting off the woll
ere shear-time, shéep annoy.
Let not the hanging burres sticke fast
vpon the hayrie fléece,
That makes the flocke péeld necked, and
his covring coat to léese.
O Goddesse that dwst gouern men,
and hast of childzen care:
O Goddesse, ease to labzing wights,
and such as painfull are:
The salue to such as are diseasd,
of flockes the chéefest stay:

I thée beſéech to yéeld a becke
to this that I dow ſay.
This práier deuoutly Pollux made,
the whyliſt I leand my backe
Vnto a poaſt, and ſtaid my foote
againſt a ſtaffe: it ſtacke
Within my bráine that he had ſaid,
his wozds I noted well,
I placde the práceſſe in my bréſt
that he befoze did tell.
Al. Yow thinkſt thou Candid, iſt not right
and reaſon that we ſhould
To Pollux yéeld ſome gift foz práiers,
and ſacred tale he told?
Foz ſure by ſuch deuotion
our riches are préſerud.
Ca. What els? ſomwhat we muſt beſtow,
foz ſomwhat he deſerud.
Al. What ſhall we giue, by th'Lord a calfe
is coſtly to fozgoe:
We either will a Lambe, oz Hare,
oz Goſe on him beſtow.
Can. The time inſtructeth what to giue:
at winter ſerues the Hare,
When foz the ſnow be cannot run:
the Goſe we beſt may ſpare
At latter end of Haruéſt time
when ſummer weares away,

The

The Filberd, apples, clustred grapes
about Midsommer day.
The sucking kids, and bleating lambs,
at entring of the spring:
For then if rotten hay by chance
annoid them anie thing,
Or any thou so weake espie,
as neither well can liue,
Nor Butcher in the market place
for him will money giue,
(The gift will be accepted well)
that Lambe of all the rest
Bestow (I say) to make a frend
with him I count it best.
Let Pollux haue it for his paines
and solemne tale ytold.
He after dinner when that I
from him departed, would
Haue giuen me verses that he found
writ in some ancient booke
Of holy Virgins solempne feasts:
and said, I pray thee looke
Upon this geare, when so by hap
thou art with care oppresst,
Recount this medcine of the minde,
and fire it fast in brest.
What time the Sunne the Lion leaues
and Virgo enters in.

Then in remembrance of the Vir-
gin let the youth begin
And aged eke with siluer haires,
to triumph and be glad,
For then shee left the earth, and to
the Skies hir iourney had.
The foure and twentith after that
is holy day anew,
This Virgins birthday makes the Church
and Altars (this is true)
With taper light to shine like fire,
and glister all with flame:
Then doth the Priest newe offrings make,
the time requires the same.
Then Libra makes returne in hast
to cause the Summer night,
To be full equall with the day
and so appeare in sight:
The men of Pycen waren glad,
on Adrianus flood
Then come Illyrians, Chaons eke,
and Thuscans with their good
And ware to sell for greedy gaine:
from Vmbria other some,
Venetians, men of Sicill to
Lauretum temple come
By troupes, to offer vp their gifts
and hauing praide a time,

Vp

Vp to the stately mountaine they
in flockes together clime.
And when the Sunne doth enter in
his house that bends the Bowe
By shorter course, and bitter frosts
annoy the soyle belowe,
Shut vp in Cloister close, shée did
the mighty God conceaue,
Which contemplation from hir head
did worldly thoughts bereaue.
Hir proper Parents shée forgot,
so much on God shée thought.
And when that Phœbus flées the Bow,
whose string is bent so tought,
And gins vnto the lodging colde
of horned Goate to goe:
Then let both man and woman on
with garments best to showe,
And let them kéepe that sacred day
high holy feast, wherein
With sacred séede that aged Sire
did fill his wife within.
For in that day aboue the rest
shée did conceiue the childe
That washt away the sinne that would
all mortall men defilde.
When Sol the moystie harbour of
Aquarius, vnder glides,

At point to bring the Spring about:
then go you gallant Brides
And Matrons, set the Altars full
of torch and taper light,
Cast cense in flame to make a fume,
bring candle blasing bright,
Make Pompe as great as ere you can:
this Lady brought a bed
Hir little Babe hath borne to Church
and hath full happy sped.
When he the Captaine of the Heard
with glittring fleece of golde,
(I meane the Ramme) begins to quite
the earth from Winter colde,
And brings the gentle fits of heate
and pleasant puffs of winde,
Allowing day more houres than night,
as is the Summers kinde.
Let Gabriel then the Angell come
and do his message right,
Declaring tidings to the Nymph
that made the Nymph a fright.
That Holy day the Thuscans all
from Mountaines makes descende
And Amycols procureth to
the Florence Church to wende
And then (for why the Virgin was
not long before they say

Espoulde)

Espouſde) becomes vnwedded maide:
to celebrate the day,
When Phœbus vnder farthest point
of crawling Crabbe doth goe,
And Dogge approching brings diſeaſe,
and makes the feuers growe:
Keepe holy eke that sacred tide,
with incenſe cast in fire,
For Mary then from mother of Iohn
did home againe retire.
About the ſtony Altars hang
to either dame a ſhare
(In token of your ioyfull harts)
of Lady Ceres ware.
The Corne that first was ripe in fields,
and gan to change his hewe,
Do offer that (I say) to them
that Mothers are to view.
This Pollux taught: for walking he
amid the mountaines hie,
A field to folde, did chaunce to cast
his ranging eyes to Skie
In cleare and quiet ſtarry night:
and saw by fortune there
The order of the heauens, and how
the ſtarres diſpoſed were.
And more than theſe beſides, ywis:
but fast declining Sunne

Will not permit as now wee shoulde
prolong our talke begunne.

The 9. Eglogue, entituled
FALCO.

The Argument.

HEre *Faustul* hauing throughly trides
the nature of the Romain ground:
The vilenes of the soyle, and Shep-
heards filthy manners doth expound.

The Speakers names.

Fastulus. Candidus.

FAV. O Candid how befals
that thou from native home
A wight exilde in forraine land
and strangy Realme dost rome:
For here no Pastures are
nor fountaines to be found,
No sheepecoates safe, no shrowding shades
to keepe the cattell sound.
Can. Thus (Faustul) stands the case,
one Coridon that in
These quarters kept his flocke, and by
that meane great wealth did win,

Draue me to deeme that here
amid these Mountaines was
Most pleasant Pasture for my sheepe,
and holsome baine of grasse.
But sithens now I see
and plainely view with eye,
The barren ground and pastures pield,
soyle rochie, Fountaines drie,
It vexes me that I came
so rashly out of coze,
The iourneys long, and leauing of
my Country grieues me soze.
Fau. Well since it was thy hap
in safety to attaine
The Latine Pastures, I would craue
(if thou wilt take the paine)
To my poze house to come,
of fellowship do so,
I haue fewe akers here of land
to liue vpon, no mo
Than poorely will maintaine
my low and needy state:
But such as tis, take part I pray
let runne in common rate.
Perhaps some better hap
and fortune will befall.
For Chaunce resembles much a blast
of winde, to wauering thrall.

Come

Come to my sedgie Coate
till raging heate be past,
And whilst the flocke laid downe on soyle
dow chew the Cud full fast.
Dow way the shæpecrooke, sit
thée downe and tipple square:
We nœde to drinke, by drinke we shall
auoide this scorching care.
Take thou the Cruse in hand,
for after drinke (they say)
The tale with better grace is tolde
it better goes away.
Can. what mad man would in such
a heate refuse the Cup?
Fau. Yea, wine doth quell the cruell thirst
if it be tipled vp.
Wine doth diminish care
and dolours of the minde:
As wine breeds friendship so it doth
augment the strength by kinde.
Can. This Country hath good grapes,
if so they here dow growe.
Fau. Fill out againe the former draught
is but a taste you know.
The second wets the iawes,
the third doth cole the rage
Of burning mouth, the fourth with thirst
a cruell warre doth wage.

The fift full fiercely fights,
the first doth conquer aye,
The seauenth triumphs: Oenophilus
earst so was wont to say.
Can. Tis wisedome to incline
and follow sound aduise,
Tis for the profit to giue eare
to aged Fathers wise.
Now thirst is conquered well,
yet naytheless my hart
Is pensiue aye, and thoughtfull care
augments my wonted smart.
Fau. As thirst is banisht, so
the minde shall purchase ease:
Fill out the licour of the Grape,
drinke freely if you please.
This Phisicke is to driue
the hart-pangs out of place.
Rome to abandon cruell cares
this medcine vse like case.
Can. All toile and trauell craues
a time of rest and stay,
Let bottle stand, and stoppe him close
to keepe the Flies away:
The day is nothing weete,
not Deawie is the night,
Which makes that forrage can not grow,
but is consumed quite.

Fel

Fell famine, cruell toyle,
with heat of scorching aire
Haue made the cattell passing leane.
and brought them in despaire
Of euer being fat:
scarce can they draw their winde
Their guts are clong to emptie skin,
the bones sticke out behinde.
This Ram that beat the wolfe,
with horne and bounsing brow,
Is weaker than a shéep, a Lamb
doth passe his courage now.
Thus much the Crow declarde
with holy sacred bill:
But I was ouer hastly bent
to follow raging will.
Scarce was I out of doze,
but he was straight at hand.
And bringing ill abodement, gan
on houses top to stand
Upon the lefter side,
and with an angrie beake
With open signe of fell mishap
alowd began to squeake.
O most vnhappie beast,
that wonted wert of yore
When on our soyle thou fedst, to bring
of milke and cattell store.

Now séeking pastures new,
more kindly strength doth misse
By weary trauell, than by food
thou gained hast ywis.
Here both we faint yfeare,
thou with thy slender fare,
And I poore wight in sunder crusht
with cruell girding care.
Now is our Countrey stuft
with wealth: what medow grounds
Haue we? What pasture grëene as léekes
within my Countrey bounds?
O merrie ioyfull soyle,
and fertile fields to sée,
Where ay is corne vpon the ground,
as where fresh riuers bée
Ay passing through the townes
and Burroughs where we won,
And where through erie village and
each garden flouds do run.
This makes the goodly flockes
and pasture fields so fat.
When crabbed Cancer rules, and men
do ply the threshing bat,
And scorching Iuly scalds:
the fields do flourish grëene,
The apples grow in euery hedge.
Amid the brakes are séene

Swéete

Sweet smelling flowres each where,
and plesant to the nose:
In euery bush there stands on stalke
of euery hue a rose.
O plesant shade of groues
and sound of trembling leaues,
Which erst (I minde) with thée I had
among the shadie greaues.
Where we the turtles plaint
and swallowes songs did heare,
And Philomelas sundry tunes
when locusts first appeare,
That make the groues to ring
with shrill and shrécking cries.
The aire that shooke the leauy boughes
from Eurus did arise,
Aloft our heads the trée
that Cornus hight, there hangd,
Whose boystrous armes were all about
with berries brauely spangd.
I sitting on the ground
saw how the beasts did sport,
And tender lambs with hurtlesse hornes
did fight in frendly sort.
And when that slæp was past,
or staring to the Skies,
I blew my pipe, or else did sing,
what best I might deuise.

Another while I would
laid grusse vpon the grasse,
Plucke strawberies from slender stalkes,
the time away to passe.
Fau. Then happie was thy life,
thou wert a blessed wight:
But of that frendly fortune thou
didst take no great delight.
Thou scornst that present state,
a worse not having tride:
And that procurde that fortune so
away from thee did glyde.
When so it comes againe,
(if ere thou haue the hap)
Euen as the branches of the vine
the propping poasts do lap,
And them environ grow
fast winding them about:
So catch her with thy hands, and caught
let hir no way get out.
She goes and makes returne,
and often changeth hue:
Much like the Hags that (by report)
about the mountaines flue,
And rangled in the darke
and shadie mysk of Night.
And as this Fortune shifts her lokes,
and chops and changeth sight:

So wandring is her minde,
mere iestings are her ioyes,
Loke what she gaue she takes againe:
no reason, all is toyes.
The man that feares the worst,
or warely lookes about,
She scornes, and as an abiect hates,
she shuts the dastard out.
Can. As oft as we to minde
do call our countrie soyle,
We cannot patiently endure
this wofull wearie toyle.
But whether run my wits,
that am tormented this?
To double present woe do I
now thinke on former blisse?
Now merrie May is come,
the vine is greene to view,
the corne hath taken eare, Pomegra-
nades are of golden hiew,
Each where the bushes smell,
the Elder trées are white
Within our Countrie, all about
both Pade and Mince in sight.
But here yet scarcely do
the groues begin to bud:
And if so be that in the spring
the ground be dead, by th' Rod

What will it do when force
of Winter comes in place,
And soyle is clad with frostie cloaths
for scalding summers blaze:
Yet here are heards of beasts
with silke and finest skin,
Vpon whose boystrous brawned neckes
the yoake hath neuer béen:
Whose forheads hardned are
with double horne to sée,
No doubt vnles they fed a god
they could not lightly bée
Dewlapped so before
with dangles hanging downe.
Fa. These beasts whose loftie heads & lokes
are lifted hie from ground,
And haue such spindle shankes
and goe with loftie gates:
Deuoure vp all, first grasse, and then
they make the boughs their cates,
With vpward reaching iawes
and gréedy gaping chap
They chew the chiefest pasture grounds,
and trées in sunder snap.
This weake and silly beast
that onely féeds on grasse
That growes on ground doth fast full oft
in pasture bare as glasse.

Can.

Can. What nedes such lauish talke:
all liuing things of kinde
Haue this condition, ay the small
the great his foe doth finde.
The lambe is pray to wolfe,
to Eagle gentle doues,
The Dolphin hurts the harmles fish
that in the wallow moues.
How comes this geare about?
a monstrous thing it is.
This place, if from aloft thou loke
will seeme to be ywis
God pasture ground and fire,
as full of grasse as neds:
But how much nerer that you come,
the more appeare the weeds:
Then shewes the filth his kinde,
then plainly tis descride.
Fau. Rome is to men as to the birds
the Owle with visage wide,
She sits vpon a stocke,
and like a stately Queene
With loftie becks she calls afarre
the birds that nie her beene.
The rout suspitious nought
together come a pace.
They meruell at her picked eares,
and ghastly glowing face,

And at hir monstrous head,
and crooked bending bill:
Whilst thus (I say) they hop about
not minding any ill,
From sprig to sprig, from bough
to bough, from tree to tree,
Some threaded are with limed lace,
with twigs some other bee
Ycaught: thus all as pray
vnto the breach do goe.
Can. O this is passing, nothing can
be better said I trow.
But see how yonder snake
with crooked crauling pace
Glides on the gravell ground, and as
he commeth to the place,
With thirstie gaping iawes
and tung infects the aire.
Fau. O Candid minde well what I say,
let to thy breast repaire,
What time thou wandrest in the wood
thine eyes do thou defend
And gard with hat, for bushie thornes
their poinant prickes pretend
To noy thy face, and if
they take not great good héed,
The crooked hanging brambles will
rent off thy crooked wéed.

Do not away thy Croke,
haue bosome full of stones,
Least some new vnexpected foe
oppresse thée for the nones.
Put on thy Cokers eke
and stirtups to beware,
The bushie Groues are full of snakes,
with bite they brée de our care,
In daily hazard of our liues,
and now the Summer makes
Their poysned venome rancles sore
where so by chaunce it takes.
A thousand Wolues there bée,
as many Fores here,
Below in bottome of the Vale,
that do not yet appeare.
And (monstrous thing to speake)
my selfe haue séene with eye
Men Wolfie shape and manners put
in proofe and practise I.
That with their flocks haue dealt
to cruelly indeede,
And all imbrude with slaughter of
their beasts they forst to bléede.
The neighbour places laugh,
nor feare the cruell spoile,
Nor once will goe about to stop
this gréedy bloudy broile.

Are

And oftentimes appeare
  fell vgly shapes to sight,
Which earth by influence vile brings forth
  sometime the Dogs do fight
And vse such cruell rage,
  as farre they do surpasse
The tyranny of bloody Wolues:
  that rowt that rampire was
As gard to flocks of yore,
  put on a wrathfull minde,
And slay the silly cattell that
  their fortune is to finde.
In Egypt men report
  they honourd certaine beasts
And sundry counted Gods to be
  with pompe and solemne feasts.
That superstition was
  deseruing lesser blame
Than ours, for we to euery beast
  a seuerall Altar frame.
A thing contrary quite
  to God, and lawes of kinde.
For he ordaind a man as head
  and chiefe of brutish kinde.
And sundry times the hote
  and scalding summers rayes
And plagiuy yeare approcheth fast,
  that euery beast decayes

About

About the open fields:
the sucking Lambs that cries
At dead Dams teat himselfe with vile
disease on sodaine dies.
Euen vnderneath the yoake
the Oxen lese their breath,
And as they trauell in the way
yeld life to cruell Death.
No reason in the plague,
no Physicke to aslake
This venome vile, and poysond filth:
but house from house doth take
Infection of the same,
and drinks vp deadly soze,
And daily so contagion of
this poyson growes to moze.
This plague kils lightly no
fell sauage bloudy beast,
The young ones prosper so to well.
The Wolues make gladsome feast
And rend with ruthles chaps
our silly cattell that
But lately dide, and by our losse
thus Wolues do waxen fat.
Can. Alas vnhappy I,
what rash and foolish mode
Driue me? who so doth credit fame,
I thinke him mad and wood.

Of

Of Romaine hils I heard,
of stately ryber eake
And men of goodly Romaine rose
and buildings earst did speake.
I out of hand had great
desire to see the same,
And lead my life within a soyle
that was of such a name,
With halfe my heard I came
(a mad man in my thought)
For why me with both Tent and all
my shepheards trinkets brought
Throughout the mountaines hie,
Pailes, Pans ymade of brasse,
With Caldrons, Cheesefat eake, and all
the rest that fittest was
For making of the Cheese:
and so it was my hap
To lose my troublous trauaile, and
my charges at a clap.
Alas what shall I do:
which way my selfe conuart:
The hoped pleasures are denied,
there are in erie part
So many dangerous haps,
so sundry perils prest,
As I am driuen vnto my Coate
againe to trike my rest:

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Spagnuoli, B.